

THE
CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLE IN OUR LITERATURE.

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The Conservative Principle in our Literature.

AN ADDRESS

BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF THE

HAMILTON

LITERARY AND THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION,

(MADISON COUNTY, N. Y.)

DELIVERED IN

THE CHAPEL OF THE INSTITUTION,

ON THE EVENING OF

TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1843.

~~~~~  
BY WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS,  
Pastor of the Amity-street Baptist Church, New-York.  
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[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE SOCIETIES.]

Other engagements which prevented the author from preparing this Address for the press, and for a time entirely banished it from his mind, must be, in part, his apology with the Societies who requested its publication, for its late appearance. Yet what of truth it may contain is not less true now, than at the time of its delivery. Some additions made at the commencement of the Address, with regard to the proper extent of literature, and the permanent influence which may belong even to its more transitory productions, will, we trust, not be found alien to the theme. But the chief cause of delay has been the writer's consciousness how far his treatment of the subject fell below the intrinsic importance of the topic. This consciousness, had he not bound himself to publish, would have prevented his appearance even at this late hour.

To prevent misconception, he would add the remark, that a full review of our national literature in all its aspects, the more encouraging as well as the more gloomy, was no part of his design. It was his task but to point out the perils and to indicate the sufficient and sole remedy.

TO

THE REV. JOHN S. MAGINNIS,

PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL THEOLOGY

IN THE

HAMILTON LITERARY AND THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION,

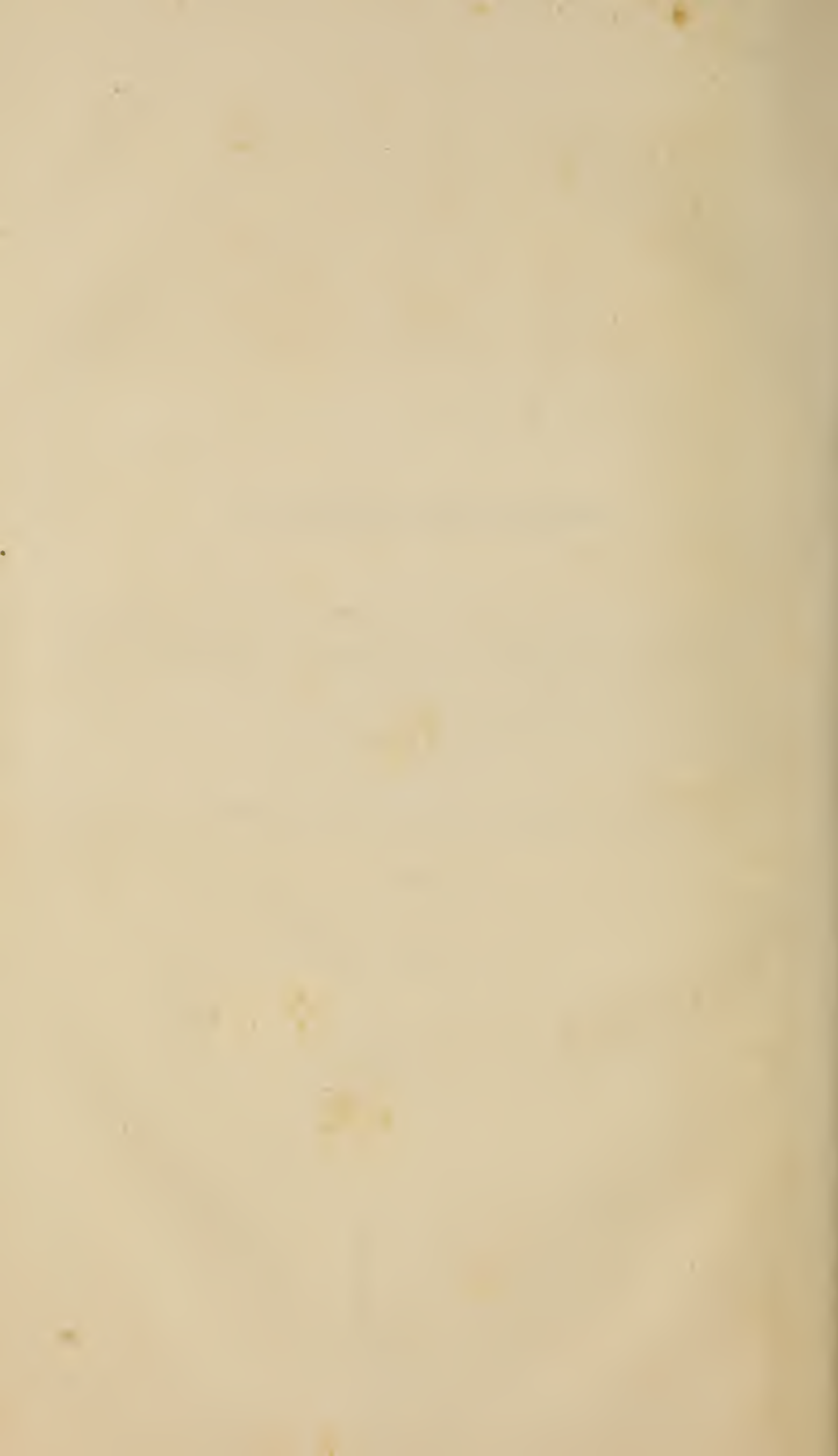
THIS ADDRESS

Is, as a slight mark of high esteem and affection,

Inscribed

By his Friend,

W. R. W.



A D D R E S S .

GENTLEMEN :

In acceding to the request with which you have honored me, and which brings me at this time before you, I have supposed that you expected it of the speaker to present some theme relating to the commonwealth of literature; that commonwealth in which every scholar and every Christian feels naturally so strong an interest. The studies in which you have here engaged, and which in the case of some of you are soon to terminate, have taught you the value of sound learning to yourselves and its power over others. That love of country, which in the bosoms of the young burns with a flame of more than ordinary purity and intensity, gives you an additional interest in the cause of letters; for you know that the literature of the nation must exercise a powerful influence on the national destiny. Acting as it does not merely on the schools, but also upon the homes of a land, it must from those fountains send out its waters of healing or of bitterness, of blessing or of strife, over the length and breadth of our goodly land. You know that it is not mere physical advantages that have gained or that can retain for our country its political privileges. You have seen how the physical condition of a people may remain unchanged, whilst the moral condition of a people is deteriorating rapidly and fatally. You remember that the same sun shone on the same Marathon, when it was the heritage and the battle-ground of freemen; and when, in later and more disastrous days, it re-echoed to the footsteps of the Greek bondsman and his Ottoman oppressor. You look to literature, and other moral causes, then, as determining to some extent the future history of our land. You know that literature is not always of a healthy character, nor does it in all ages exercise a conservative influence. It is like the vegetation of our earth, of varied nature. Much of it is the waving harvest that fills our garner and piles our boards with plenty; and, alas, much of it has been, like the rank ivy, hastening the decay it serves to hide, and crumbling into speedier ruin the edifice it seems to adorn and beautify. As lovers of your country, you must therefore feel an eager anxiety for the moral character of the literature that country is to cherish. And of your number most are looking forward to the work of the Christian ministry; and, from the past history of the world, you know in what mode the progress of literature has acted upon that of the gospel, and been in its

turn acted upon ; and to what an extent the pulpit and the press have sometimes been found in friendly alliance, and at others enlisted in fearful antagonism. How shall it be in your times ?

By the literature of a land, we mean, it is here perhaps the place to say, more than the mere issues from the press of a nation. The term is generally applied to describe all the knowledge, feelings, and opinions of a people as far as they are reduced to writing, or published abroad by the art of printing. But it may well be questioned whether the term does not in justice require a wider application. Language, as soon as it is made the subject of culture, seems to give birth to literature. And such culture may exist where the use of the press and even of the pen are as yet unknown. Savage tribes are found having their poetry ere they have acquired the art of writing. The melody and rhythm of their dialect may have been partially developed, and their bards, their musicians, and their orators, have become distinguished, ere the language has had its grammarians or its historians. The nation has thus, in some sort, its literature, ere its Cadmus has appeared to give it an alphabet. And even in nations having the use of letters, there is much never written that yet, in strictness, must be regarded as forming part of the literature of the people. The unrecorded intercourse of a community, neither transcribed by the pen, nor multiplied by the press, may bear no inconsiderable part in the literary culture of that people, and form no trivial portion of their literary products. Thus the arguments of the bar, or the appeals of the pulpit, the floating proverbs, or the current legends of the nation, and the ballads, and even the jests, which no antiquary may as yet have secured and written down, are expressions of the popular mind, which though cast only upon the ear, and stored only in the memory, instead of receiving the surer guardianship of the written page, may, with some show of reason, be claimed as forming no small and no unimportant part of the popular literature. In this sense, the literature of a land embraces the whole literary intercourse of its people, whether that intercourse be oral or written. It is the exponent of the national intellect, and the utterance of the popular passions. The term thus viewed, comprises all the intellectual products of a nation, from the encyclopedia to the newspaper ; from the body of divinity to the primer or the nursery rhyme—the epic poem and the Sunday School hymn—the sermon and the epigram—the essay and the sonnet—the oration and the street ballad—the jest or the bye-word—all that represents, awakens, and colors the popular mind—all that interprets, by the use of words, the nation to themselves, or to other nations of the earth.

This literature not only displays the moral and intellectual advancement of the people at the time of its production, but it exercises, of necessity, a powerful influence in hastening or in checking that advancement. It is the Nilometer on whose graded scale we read not merely the height to which the rushing stream of the nation's intellect has risen, or the degree to which it has sunk, but also the character and extent of the harvests yet to be reaped in coming months along the whole course of these waters. Thus it registers not merely the inundations of the present time, but presages as

well the plenty or sterility of the yet distant future. The authors of a nation's literary products are its teachers—in truth or in error; and leave behind their imprint and their memorial in the virtues or vices of all those whom their labors may have reached. The errand of all language is to create sympathy; to waft from one human bosom the feelings that stir it, that they may awaken a corresponding response in other hearts. We are therefore held responsible for our words, because they affect the happiness and virtue of others. The word that drops from our lips takes its irrevocable flight, and leaves behind its indelible imprint. It is in the stern language of the apostle, in the case of some, a flame “set on fire of hell;” and consuming wherever it alights, it “setteth on fire the course of nature;” as, in the happier case of others, that word is a message of salvation, “ministering grace unto the hearers.” Reason and Scripture alike make it idle to deny the power of speech over social order and morality. And literature is but speech under the influence of art and talent. And a written literature is but speech put into a more orderly and enduring form than it usually wears. We know that God and man hold each of us responsible for the utterance of the heart by the lips. Human tribunals punish the slanderer because his words affect the peace of society; and the Last Day exacts its reckoning for “every idle word,” because that word, however lightly uttered, was the utterance of a soul, and went out to influence, for good or for evil, the souls of others.

And if the winged words, heedless and unpremeditated, of a man's lips are thus influential, and enter into the matter of his final account, it cannot be supposed that these words when fixed by the art of writing, or scattered by the art of printing, either have less power over human society, or are in the eye of heaven clothed with less solemn responsibilities. A written literature embalms the perishable, arrests the progress of decay, and gives to our words a longer life and a wider scope of influence. Such words, so preserved and so diffused, are the results too of more than ordinary deliberation. If malicious, their malice is malice premeditated. If foolish, their folly is studied, and obstinate, and shameless. The babler sins in the ears of a few friends, and in the privacy of home. The frivolous or vicious writer sins, as on a wider theatre, and before the eyes of thousands, while the echoes of the press waft his words to distant lands and later times. And because much of this literature may be hasty and heedless, ludicrous in tone, and careless in style, soon to evaporate and disappear, like the froth on some hurried stream, we are not to suppose that it is therefore of no practical influence. The English stage, in the days of the last two Stuarts, was of a reckless character;—the child of mere whim, the progeny of impulse and license. Many of its productions were alike regardless of all moral and literary rules,—the light-hearted utterance of a depraved generation: full of merry falsehoods and jesting blasphemy, fantastic and barbarous in style, as well as irreligious in their spirit. Yet he must be a careless reader of history, who, because of its reckless, trivial, and profligate character, assigns to it but a limited influence. It did in fact grievously aggravate the national wickedness whence it sprung.

The trivial and the ephemeral as they float by, in glittering bubbles, to the dull waters of oblivion, may yet work irreparable and enduring mischief ere their brief career ends; and the results may continue, vast and permanent, when the fleeting causes which operated have long gone by. Who now reads *Eikon Basilike*, the forgery of Bishop Gauden, ascribed to the beheaded Charles I.? Yet that counterfeited manual of devotion is thought by some to have done much in bringing back the house of Stuart to the English throne.¹ Who in this age knows the words of *Lillebullero*?² yet the author of that street ballad, now forgotten, boasted of having rhymed, by his song, the Stuarts out of their kingdom. Thus a forged prayer book aided to restore a dynasty, as the ragged rhymes of a street song helped to overturn it. We err grievously, therefore, if we suppose that the frivolous is necessarily uninfluential, and that when the word passes its effects also pass with it. According to Eastern belief, the plague that wastes a city may be communicated by the gift of a glove or a riband. The spark struck from the iron heel of the laborer may have disappeared ere the eye could mark its transient lustre, yet ere it expired have fired the train which explodes a magazine, lays a town in ruins, and spreads around a wide circuit, alarm and lamentation, bereavement and death. Trifles may have no trivial influence. What is called the lighter literature of the age may be even thus evanescent yet not inefficacious. By its wide and rapid circulation it may act more powerfully on society than do graver and abler treatises, and its authors, if unprincipled, may thus deserve but too well the title which the indignant Nicole gave to the comparatively decorous dramatists and romance writers of France, in his own time; a title which his pupil Racine at first so warmly resented, that of "*public poisoners*."

Of literature therefore, thus understood, thus wide in its range and various in its products, thus influential even where the most careless, and thus clothed with most solemn responsibilities because of its influence, it is our purpose now to speak.

You perceive, gentlemen, that amongst ourselves, as a people, literature is subject to certain peculiar influences, perhaps nowhere else found in the same combination, or operating to the same extent as in our own land. We are a young nation, inhabiting, and called to subdue a wide territory. Youth is the season of hope, enterprise, and energy—and it is so to a nation as well as an individual. Our literature is likely, therefore, to be ardent, original, and at times perhaps boastful. They are the excellencies and the foibles of youth. As a people we enjoy, again, that freedom which has ever been the indulgent nurse of talent, in all times and in all lands. The people are here the kings. And whilst some of our sovereigns are toiling in

¹ "Many have not scrupled to ascribe to that book the subsequent restoration of the royal family. Milton compares its effects to those which were wrought on the tumultuous Romans by Anthony's reading to them the will of Cæsar. The *Eikon* passed through fifty editions in a twelve-month."—*Hume*.

² "It may not be unworthy of notice, that a merry ballad, called *Lillibullero*, being at that time published, in derision of the papists and the Irish, it was greedily received by the people, and was sung by all ranks of men, even by the King's army, who were strongly seized with the national spirit. This incident both discovered, and served to increase, the general discontent of the kingdom."—*Hume*.

the field, others are speaking through the press. Our authors are all royal by political right if not by the birthright of genius. Providence has blest us also with the wide diffusion of education, and the school travels, in many regions of our land, as it were, to every man's door. It is not here, if it may elsewhere be the case, that the neglected children of genius can complain that chill penury "repressed their noble rage." In addition to the advantages of the common school, our writers, publishers, and instructors, are sedulously preparing literature for the use of the masses. The popular lecturer is discussing themes of grave interest; while the cheap periodical press is snowing over the whole face of our land its thick and incessant storm of knowledge. This knowledge, it is true, is not all of the most valuable kind. The wonders of steam are dragging the remoter portions of our union, daily into closer contact, whilst a free emigration is bringing us the denizens of other lands and the men of other tongues, until the whole world appears about to be made neighbors and kinsmen to America; and the nation seems daily melting into a new and strange amalgam, in consequence of the addition of foreign materials from without, to the heterogeneous mass already found fusing within our own country.

All these causes are operating and must operate long and steadily upon the character of American literature. It becomes an important inquiry then, what moral shape this literature is assuming under these plastic influences. You ask, as change follows change, and as one omen of moral progress, or social revolution follows close upon another: "Watchman, what of the night?" And gazing into the deep darkness of the future, you would fain read what are the coming fortunes of our people and their literature. Allow me then to dwell upon some of the evils that endanger our rising literature, and threaten to suffuse the bloom of its youth with their fatal virus. I would next bring before you the remedy which as scholars, patriots, and Christians, we are bound to apply to these evils, and to which we must look as our preservative against the approaching danger.

The evils to be found besetting and perilling American literature and the remedy of those evils, will afford our present theme. I may seem to dwell for a time, at least, upon the darker shades of a picture, that may, I fear, appear to some of my respected hearers, overcharged in its gloom. I must also from the nature of the subject enter into some details, that will, I fear, severely tax the patience of all who are listening. I can only cast myself upon your indulgence; find an apology as to the length of some statements, and the denser shade cast by others, in the wide and varied nature of the subject, and its mingled difficulty, delicacy, and importance; asking the aid of Him whose blessing can never fail those that trust in Him, the author of all knowledge, and the final arbiter who will bring into judgment all our employments, whether literary or practical, social or solitary.

We would then dwell for a time, on some of the dangers that threaten the rising literature of our land. If the foreground of the landscape be dark, we trust to show in the distance the sure and sufficient remedy of these dangers; and though night be spread on the summits of the nearer and lower mountains, we see glittering on the crest of the remoter and loftier

heights beyond, the Star of Hope, that portends the coming day, and under the edge of the darkest cloud we seem to discern already the gleams of the approaching sun. Our country may suffer and struggle, but we trust it is not the purpose of Him who has so signally blest and so long defended us, that she should suffer long, or sink far, much less sink finally and for ever.

First then among the evil tendencies that beset our youthful literature, and are likely to thwart and mar its progress we would name, *the mechanical and utilitarian spirit of the times*. We are as a nation eminently practical in our character. It is well that we should be so. But this trait in our national feelings and manners has its excesses and its consequent perils. Placed in a country where labor and integrity soon acquire wealth, the love of wealth has become a passion with multitudes. The lust of gain seems at times a national sin easily besetting all classes of society amongst us. Fierce speculations at certain intervals of years engross the hearts of the community, and a contagious frenzy sends men from all walks of life and all occupations into the field of traffic. Fortunes are rapidly made and as rapidly lost. The nation seems to be lifted up as on a rushing tide of hope and prosperity. It subsides as rapidly as it had risen; and on every side are seen strewn the wrecks of fortune, credit, character, and principle. All this affects our literature. We are, in the influential classes, a matter-of-fact, and money-getting race. This tends, in the minds of many to create a distaste for all truth that is not at once convertible into wealth, and its value to be calculated in current coin. In the clank and din of our never-tiring machinery, the voice of wisdom is often drowned, and the most momentous and stirring truths are little esteemed because they cannot be rated in the Price Current or sold on the Exchange. We are impatient to see the material results of every truth, and to have its profits told upon our fingers, or pressed into our palms. So, on the other hand, if any principle, plan, or expedient, be it true or be it false, will effect our purpose, produce a needful impression, and secure an end that we deem desirable, we are prone to think it allowable because it is effective. We idolize effect. And a philosophy of expediency thus springs up, which sacrifices every thing to immediate effects and to mere material results—a philosophy which, in practice, if not in theory, is driving rapidly against some of the very bulwarks of moral principle, that our fathers believed, and believed justly, to be grounded in the law, and built into the very throne of God.

Now we need not say that where this utilitarian and mechanical spirit acquires the ascendancy in our literature, it must operate dangerously on the state and the church. The prosperity that is built on gain, and the morality that is built on expediency, will save no nation. The declining glories of Tyre and Holland, each in her day mistress of the seas, and guardian of its treasures, may read us an admonitory lesson as to the fatal blight that such a spirit breathes over the freedom, the arts and the learning of a land.

We are by the favoring Providence of God, placed under political institutions which more readily yield to and reflect the popular will, than the government and laws of other lands. The literature of our nation, more

readily than that of earlier times, or of older countries, moulds the political action of the nation. Let but the spirit of expediency and of gain sway our political literature in the thousand journals of our country, and in the myriads of voters whom these journals educate and govern. Let the same spirit possess the great parties ever to be found in a free nation, and the aspiring leaders who are the champions and oracles of those parties, and what would soon be the result? A peddling policy, that, disregarding the national interest and honor, would truckle to power and favor, carry its principles to market, and convert statesmanship into a trade. The country would be visited with an impudent, voluble and mercenary patriotism, that shrinking at no artifice, and blushing at no meanness, would systematize the various arts of popularity, into a new science of selfishness. The legislation of the land and its intercourse with foreign nations would be engrossed by trading politicians; huckstering their talents and influence to the party or the measure or the man, that should bid in the shape of emolument or office, the highest price for the commodities which they vend. The expert statesman would then be he who consulted most assiduously the weathervane of popular favor, that he might ascertain to what point his conscience should be set. And should such time ever come over our beloved land, could our liberties endure when guarded only by hands so faithless, or our laws be either wise or just, when such men made and such men administered them?

Let the same love of selfish gain pervade the pulpits of our land: let the messengers of the gospel learn to prophesy smooth things, and instead of "the word in season," let them substitute the word in fashion—let them retail doctrines that admit no personal application, truths that wound not the conscience and pierce not the heart, and morals enforced by no motives of love to God, but by mere considerations of gain or honor—let them compile unoffending truisms and dexterous sophisms, and put these in place of unpalatable truths—let them listen to the echoes of popular opinion evermore, that they may in them learn their lessons of duty; and where soon is the gospel so administered, and where is the church if left but to such instruction? The far-sighted law of right as God ordained and administers it would be overthrown, that in its stead might be set up the law of interest, as short-sighted man expounds it; and a creed by which the world is to be humored, flattered and adored, would be audaciously preached at the foot of a cross which ransomed that world only by renouncing and only by defying it. No—gain is not godliness.

But man was made for other purposes than to coin or exchange dollars. The fable of Midas pestered with his riches, and unable to eat because his food turned to gold, is full of beneficial instruction in such times as ours. Man has wants which money cannot supply, and sorrows which lucre cannot heal; although cupidity may teach him often to make expediency or immediate utility the standard of his code of morals. Conscience too, will utter at times her protest, slip aside the gag, and reclaim loudly against practices she cannot approve, however they may for the time profit. A literature merely venal will not then meet all the necessities of

man's nature. And not from conscience only is the reign of covetousness threatened and made insecure. Mere feeling and passion lead men often to look to other than their pecuniary interests, and in quest of yet dearer objects they trample on gain, and sacrifice the mere conveniences to secure the higher enjoyments of life. But here, in this last named fact, is found the source of yet another danger to our literature. Passion is not a safer moral guide to a people than interest.

2. Let us dwell on this new inimical influence by which our literature may suffer. Our age is eminently, in some of its leading minds, an age of passion. It is seen in the character of much of the most popular literature and especially the poetry of our day. Much of this has been the poetry of intense passion, it mattered little how unprincipled that passion might be. An English scholar lately gone from this world, it is to Southey that we refer, branded this school of modern literature, in the person of its great and titled leader as the Satanic school.³ It has talent and genius, high powers of imagination and language, and boiling energy; but it is, much of it, the energy of a fallen and revolted angel, with no regard for the right, no vision into eternity, and no hold on Heaven. We would not declaim against passion when employed in the service of literature. In-

3 Another English scholar whose writings may be quoted, as affording evidence of a re-action that has followed the influence of Byron, holds this language. Speaking of the heroes of Byron, he remarks: "They exhibit rather passions personified than persons impassioned. But there is a yet worse defect, Lord Byron's conception of a hero is an evidence, not only of scanty materials of knowledge from which to construct the ideal of a human being, but also of a want of perception of what is great or noble in our nature. His heroes are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially, therefore, weak of mind. They must be perceived to be beings in whom there is no strength, except that of their intensely selfish passions,—in whom all is vanity; their exertions being for vanity under the name of love or revenge, and their sufferings for vanity under the name of pride. If such beings as these are to be regarded as heroical, where in human nature are we to look for what is low in sentiment, or infirm in character?" It is not the language of theologians we are now quoting, but the words we have transcribed are those of "*a prophet of their own*,"—of a living dramatic poet, Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde." Elsewhere he uses the aid of verse, to pronounce a similar judgment.

"Then learned I to despise that far-famed school
Who place in wickedness their pride, and deem
Power chiefly to be shown where passion's rule,
And not where they are ruled: in whose new scheme
Of heroism, self-government should seem
A thing left out, or something to condemn,—
Whose notions, incoherent as a dream,
Make strength go with the torrent, and not stem,
For '*wicked and thence weak*' is not a creed for them.

I left these passionate weaklings: I perceived
What took away all nobleness from pride,
All dignity from sorrow; what bereaved
Even genius of respect; they seemed allied
To mendicants that by the highway side
Expose their self-inflicted wounds, to gain
The alms of sympathy—far best denied.
I heard the sorrowful sensualist complain,
If with compassion, not without disdain."

formed by strong feeling, truth becomes both more awful and more lovely; and some of the ages which unfettered the passions of a nation have given birth to master-pieces of genius. But Passion divorced from Virtue is ultimately among the fellest enemies to literary excellence. When yoked to the car of duty, and reined in by principle, passion is in its appropriate place, and may accomplish a mighty service. But when, in domestic life, or political, or in the walks of literature, passion throws off these restraints and exults in its own uncontrolled power, it is as useless for purposes of good, and as formidable from its powers of evil, as a car whose fiery coursers have shaken off bit and rein and trampled under foot their charioteer. The Maker of man made conscience to rule his other faculties, and when it is dethroned, the result is ruin. Far as the literature to which we have alluded spreads, it cherishes an insane admiration for mere talent or mental power. It substitutes as a guide in morals, sentiment for conscience; and makes blind feeling the irresistible fate, whose will none may dispute, and whose doings are beyond the jurisdiction of casuists or law-givers. It has much of occasional tenderness and can melt at times into floods of sympathy: but this softness is found strangely blended with a savage violence. Such things often co-exist. As in the case of the French hangman, who in the times of their great revolution was found, fresh from his gory work at the guillotine, sobbing over the Sorrows of Werther, it contrives to ally the sanguinary to the sentimental. It seems at first sight, much such an ill-assorted match as if the family of Mr. Wet-eyes in one of Bunyan's matchless allegories, were wedded to that of Giant Bloody-man in the other. But it is easily explained. It has been found so in all times when passion has been made to take the place of reason as the guide of a people, and conscience has been thrust from the throne to be succeeded by sentiment. The luxurious and the cruel, the fierce and the voluptuous, the licentious and the relentless readily coalesce; and we soon are made to perceive the fitness of the classic fable by which, in the old Greek mythology, Venus was seen knitting her hands with Mars, the goddess of sensuality, allying herself with the god of slaughter. We say, much of the literature of the present and the last generation is thus the caterer of passion, lawless, fierce, and vindictive passion. And if a retired student may "through the loopholes of retreat" read aright the world of fashion, passion seems at times acquiring an unwonted ascendancy in the popular amusements of the age. The lewd pantomime and dance, from which the less refined fashion of other times would have turned her blushing and indignant face, the gorgeous spectacle and the shows of wild beasts, and even the sanguinary, pugilistic combat, that sometimes recalls the gladiatorial shows of old Rome, have become in our day, the favorite recreations of some classes among the lovers of pleasure. These are, it should be remembered, nearly the same with the favorite entertainments of the later Greek empire, when plethoric by its wealth, and enervated by its luxury, that power was about to be trodden down by the barbarian invasions of the north.

It is possible that the same dangerous ascendancy of passion may be fos-

tered, where we should have been slow to suspect it, by the ultraism of some good men among the social reformers of our time. Wilberforce was, in the judgment of Mackintosh, the very model of a reformer, because he united an earnestness that never flagged with a sweetness that never failed. There are good men that have nothing of this last trait. Amid the best intentions there is occasionally, in the benevolent projects even, of this day, a species of Jack Cadeism, if we may be allowed the expression, enlisted in the service of reform. It seems the very opposite of the character of Wilberforce, nourishes an acridity and violence of temper, that appears to delight in repelling, and seeks to enkindle feeling by wild exaggeration and personal denunciation; raves in behalf of good with the very spirit of evil, and where it cannot convince assent, would extort submission. Even truth itself when administered at a scalding heat, cannot benefit the recipient; and the process is not safe for the hands of the administrator himself.

Far be it from us to decry earnestness when shown in the cause of truth and justice, or to forget how the passion awakened in some revolutionary crisis of a people's history, has often infused into the productions of genius an unwonted energy and clothed them as with an immortal vigor. But it is passion yoked to the chariot of reason, and curbed by the strong hand of principle; laboring in the traces, but not grasping the reins. But set aside argument and truth and give to passion its unchecked course, and the effect is fatal. It may at first seem to clothe a literature with new energy, but it is the mere energy of intoxication soon spent, and for which there speedily comes a sure and bitter reckoning. The bonds of principle are loosened; the tastes and habits of society corrupted, and the effects are soon seen extending themselves to the very form and style of a literature as well as to the morality of its productions. The intense is substituted for the natural and true. What is effective is sought for rather than what is exact. Our literature therefore has little, in such portions of it, of the high finish and serene repose of the master-pieces of classic antiquity, where passion in its highest flights is seen wearing gracefully all the restraining rules of art; and power toils ever as under the severe eye of order.

3. A kindred evil, the natural result and accompaniment of that to which we have last adverted, and like it fatal to the best interests of literature, is the *lawlessness*, unhappily but too rife through large districts of our territory, and in various classes of its inhabitants. Authority in the parent, the magistrate or the pastor, seems daily to be held by a less firm tenure. Obedience seems to be regarded rather as a boon, and control resented as usurpation. The restraints of honesty in the political and commercial intercourse of society seem more feebly felt. In those entrusted by the state and by public corporations with the control of funds, the charges of embezzlement and defalcation have within the last few years multiplied rapidly in number, and swelled fearfully in amount. Until, catching the contagion of the times, sovereign states are found questioning the obligations of their own contracts, and repudiating their plighted word and bond. In the matter of good faith between man and man, as to pecuniary engagements, the wheels of the social machine groan ominously, as if they were, by

some internal dislocation and collision, ready to tear asunder the fabric of society. Private revenge and the sudden ebullitions of popular violence disregarding all delays and setting aside all forms, seem in some districts ready to supplant the quiet administration of the laws, and dispensing alike with judges and prisons. The laws of God too are often as lightly regarded as the laws of human society. In the growing facility of divorce, the statute of Heaven intended to guard the purity of home, and lying at the foundation of all society, is to some extent infringed upon: while our railroads and canals have run their lines fearlessly athwart the Sabbath; and it seems a question whether the flaming Sinai should be allowed to stand any longer in the pathway of modern improvement.

And amid such scenes of disorder and commotion, it is,—scenes illustrating so fearfully the depravity, inveterate and entire, of the human heart,—it is, we say, amid such scenes that men are rising up to remodel all society. At the attempt we ought not perhaps to be surprised, so much as at the principles on which it proceeds. On these we look with irrepressible astonishment. They assume the natural innocence of man, and trace all his miseries and all his crimes to bad government, to false views of society, and to ignorance respecting the true relations of man to man,—relations which after the lapse of so many centuries they have been the first to reveal. They would not merely overlook, but deny that melancholy truth, the Fall of Man from his original state, and his consequent native depravity;—a truth never to be forgotten by all that would exercise a true benevolence to their brother man, and by all that would build up a stable government. In denying this truth, they contradict all the experience, all the history, and shall we not add, all the consciousness of our race. A truth which even blinded and haughty heathenism mournfully acknowledged,—a truth which Revelation asserts so emphatically and so often, cannot with impunity be forgotten by any that would attempt the reform of man's condition. Vague and wild in principle, and comparatively barren of results, must all reforms be that would make all their improvements from without, and feel that none is needed within. We would honor even the misguided zeal of our brethren of the race who seek in any form to lessen the amount of human misery and wrong; but the claims of our Common Father, and the wrongs He has met at our hands, are to be acknowledged by all who would pity, with an effectual compassion, human sorrow, and remedy with an enduring relief, social disorder and wretchedness. To forget or to contradict these truths, is to reject the lessons alike of history and scripture. All reform so based is itself but a new, though it may be unconscious, lawlessness.

We have said that proposals of social reform are not causes of wonder. Already human life is less secure in many portions of our republic, than under some of the European monarchies; and frauds and embezzlements are less surely and less severely punished. In some of our legislatures, in the very halls, and under the awful eye, as it were, of the embodied Justice of the State, brawls and murders have occurred, in which our legislators were the combatants and the victims. And yet in such a state of things, when human

life is growing daily cheaper, and the fact of assassination seems to awaken scarce a tithe of the sympathy, horror, and inquiry, which it provoked in our fathers' times,—it is in such a state of things, that by a strange paradox, a singular clemency for the life of the assassin seems springing up. In a nation lax to a fault in the vindication of human life when illegally taken away, the protest is made most passionately against its being taken away legally; and the abolition of Capital Punishment is demanded by earnest and able agitators. Would that the picture thus dark were but the sketch of Fancy; unhappily its gloomy hues are but the stern coloring of Truth. Can the patriot, as he watches such omens, fail to see the coming judgment? Can he shut his eyes against the fact so broadly printed on all the pages of history, that anarchy makes despotism necessary; that men who are left lawless soon fly for refuge even to a scèptre of iron, and a law of blood; that a Robespierre has ever prepared the way for a Buonaparte, and the arts of the reckless demagogue, like Catiline, have smoothed the path for the violence of the able usurper, like Cæsar? Of all this, should it unhappily continue or increase, the effects must with growing rapidity be seen in the injury done to our literature. There is a close and strange connexion between moral and literary integrity. Not only does social confusion discourage the artist and the scholar, but disjointed and anarchical times are often marked by a want of laborious truth, and of seriousness and earnestness on the part of the popular writers. A passion for frivolity, a temper that snatches at temporary triumphs by flattering the whim of the hour, and a science of agreeable, heartless trifling, spring up in such days to the bane alike of all eloquence, and of all truth.

4. Another of the perils which seem to us lying in the way of our rising literature, is a *false liberalism*. To a manly and Christian toleration we can never be opposed. Something of this toleration is required by our free intercourse with many lands. The wonders of steam are melting the nations most highly civilized into comparative uniformity and unity. Our colonists are the emigrants of many shores. In this audience are found blended the blood of the Celt and the Saxon, the Norman and the Roman. We are scions alike from the stock of those who fought beneath, and of those who warred successfully against the eagles of the old Latin empire. Our varied origin seems giving to America, as its varied learning has given to Germany, a "*many-sided mind*;" a sympathy at many points with mankind, and with widely diversified forms of society. More easily than the English, the ancestors whom many of us claim, we adopt the peculiarities of other nations. And all this is well. But when we suffer these influences to foster in us the notion that all the moral peculiarities, and all the forms of faith, marking the various tribes from which our country is supplied, and with which our commerce connects us, are alike valuable;—when, instead of an enlightened love of truth wherever found, we learn indifference to all truth, and call this new feeling by the name of superiority to prejudice;—when we learn to think of morals as if they were little more than a conventional matter, the effect of habit or tradition, or the results of climate or of the

physical constitution of a people, we are learning lessons alike irrational, and perilous, and untrue.⁴

The spirit of Pope's Universal Prayer seems to many, in consequence of these and other influences, the essence of an enlightened Christian charity. They cannot endure the anathemas of Paul against those who deny his Lord. They would classify the Koran and the Shaster with the Scriptures. Some have recently discovered a truth of which those writers were themselves strangely ignorant, that the Deistical and Atheistical scholars of France, the Theomachists who prepared the way for its Revolution, the men who loaded the Crucified Nazarene and his religion with all outrage, were in truth Christians, although they knew it not themselves. Just as much, it seems to us, as Nero was an unconscious Howard; just as much as Catiline was, in modest ignorance of his own merits, an anticipated Washington. It is worse than idle thus to confound all moral distinctions. To suit these new and more liberal views of Christianity, it has become of course necessary to revise the gospel, and to supersede at least the ancient forms of the Christian religion. Thus in a land the literature and religion of which are becoming more and more known to some of our scholars, Strauss has eviscerated the New Testament of all its facts, and leaves in all its touching and miraculous narrations but the fragments of a popular myth,—intended to shadow forth certain truths common in the history of human nature in all ages. The nation to which he belongs, and which claims to be the most profound in metaphysical speculation and in varied learning, of all the nations of our time, is reviving in some of its schools an undisguised Pan-

4 It is well that we should cherish a humble sense of our own fallibility; but, whatever may be true of us, God and Scripture are infallible. The Creator, too, so constituted his universe, that there is truth in it, and throughout it; and he has so constituted man as to thirst, with an inextinguishable longing, after truth. An utter despair of obtaining it, and a general acknowledgment that we are all together and inevitably in the wrong, is alike a state of misery to man, and a dishonor done to God. It may give birth to a sort of toleration, but it is the spurious toleration of Pyrrhonism, a liberality that patronizes error, but that can be fierce against the truth, for as the wise and meek Carey complained, skeptics may be the most intolerant of mankind against the truth. A Christian toleration appreciates the innate power of truth to diffuse and protect itself; and pities error while resisting it. The liberality of skepticism denies existence to truth, and canonizes error as a sufficient substitute, and sets men afloat on a shoreless, starless ocean of doubt. Or as a young poet of England has not infelicitously described it, it prescribes to mankind the task of conjugating falsehood through all its moods, tenses, and cases, and teaches them mutual forbearance as the result of their common infatuation.

"Let them alone," men cry,

"*I lie, thou liest, they lie:*

What then? Thy neighbor's folly hurts not thee!"

Error is Freedom! such the insensate shout

Of crowds that, like a Pæan, hymn a Doubt:

Indifference thus the world calls Charity.

"Battles at last shall cease."

At last, not now: we are not yet at home.

The time is coming, it will soon be come,

When those who dare not fight

For God, or for the right,

Shall fight for peace!"

From "*The Waldenses, and Other Poems*," by Aubrey de Vere. Oxford, 1842. P. 127.

theism, which makes the universe God; and thus, in effect, gives to Job and the dunghill on which he sate, the ulcers which covered him, and the potsherds with which he scraped himself, the honor of being all, parts and parcels alike of the same all-pervading Deity. And this is the wisdom, vaunted and profound, of our times; a return, in fact, to those discoveries described of old in a venerable volume which we all wot of, in the brief and pithy sentence,—“The world by wisdom knew not God.” The result of its arrogant self-confidence was blindness to the great fact blazing on the whole face of creation, and deafness to the dread voice that speaks out of all history, the truth that there is a God. And hence, not so much from any singular cogency in his reasoning as from the palatableness of the results which that reasoning reaches, Spinoza, the Pantheist Jew, is, after a long lapse of years of confutation and obscurity, rising again in the view of some scholars in Germany, Britain, and America, to the rank of a guide in morals and a master of religious truth.⁵ When such a form of philosophy becomes

⁵ Of the system of Spinoza it had been said by the acute Bayle, certainly no bigoted adherent to Christianity, and no prejudiced enemy of skepticism, that “it was the most monstrous scheme imaginable;” and again, that “it has been fully overthrown even by the weakest of its adversaries.” In a similar spirit, Maclaurin, the celebrated British mathematician, had remarked, “It does not, indeed, appear possible to invent another system equally absurd.”—(*Dugald Stewart's Progress of Metaphysical Philosophy*, p. 116. *Am. Edition*).—Stewart quotes from Colerus, the author of a *Life of Spinoza*, the singular anecdote, that “one of the amusements with which he was accustomed to unbend his mind, was that of entangling flies in a spider's web, or of setting spiders to fighting with each other; on which occasions (it is added,) he would observe their combats with so much interest that it was not unusual for him to be seized with immoderate fits of laughter.”—(*Ibidem*, p. 351.) Stewart, we think, lays too much stress on this incident, when he finds in it a proof of Spinoza's insanity. It was, certainly, not the most amiable trait in the character of a philosopher for whom his disciples have claimed a remarkable blamelessness and even piety. We cannot imagine such an amusement as delighting the vacant hours, and such merriment as gladdening the heart, of a Christian philosopher like Boyle or Newton. Trivial as it was, it betrayed the spirit, and furnished no unapt emblem, of the system he elaborated in his philosophy, where an acute mind found its amusement in entangling to their ruin its hapless victims in a web of sophistry, that puzzled, caught, and destroyed them: and grim Blasphemy lay waiting to devour those who fluttered in the snares of Falschood.

Yet this system, the product of such a mind, has been recently, with loud panegyrics of its author, commended anew to the regard of mankind on either side of the Atlantic. Paulus, the celebrated Neologian divine of Germany, had issued, years ago, an edition of his works. Amongst ourselves and the scholars of England, such views have obtained currency mostly, it is probable, from the admiration professed for Spinoza by such men as Goethe, and others, the scholars and philosophers of Germany, for whom we have contracted too indiscriminating a reverence. Goethe's course was paradoxical. Rejecting revelation as impossible, for the singular reason that if it came from God it must be unintelligible to men, and declaring God as presented in the teachings of Christ Jesus, to be an imperfect and inadequate conception, Goethe held that the Divinity revealed in the Bible involved difficulties which must drive an inquirer to despair, unless he were “great enough to rise to the stand-point of a higher view;” in other words, a higher point of observation than that occupied by Christ. “Such a stand-point Goethe early found in Spinoza; and he acknowledges with joy how truly the views of that great thinker answered to the wants of his youth. In him he found himself, and could therefore fortify himself with Spinoza to the best advantage.” These are the words of Eckerman, (*Eckerman Convers. with Goethe*. Boston: p. 37,) who played with Goethe the part that James Boswell acted to the great lexicographer and moralist of England, recording as a humble admirer, the conversations of his oracle. Of the moral character of some of the productions of Goethe we need not pause to remark. There are principles developed in his writings that needed “fortifying.” We would but notice a difficulty which the language of his admirer suggests. Goethe is made to speak of Spinoza as the thinker “in whom he found himself.” To us, the uninitiated, it seems hard to reconcile this test by which he recognised and adopted his master's system, with his passionate words elsewhere, recorded by the same admir-

prevalent, all forms of religion are alike true, or in other words, are alike false; and room is to be made for a new religion by which man shall worship Nature or himself. So difficult is it for the gospel to suit men's waywardness. It was the objection of the old Pagans to Christianity, as we learn from Origen, that it was too universal a religion; that every country should of right be allowed a religion of its own; and Christianity was arrogant in asking to be received as the one faith of all countries. But now the opposers of this gospel discover that it has the defect of not being universal enough; and they wish a wider faith, that will embrace the race. let them think as they please, and worship as they may. Thus would this school reconcile all religions by evaporating them.

In Germany, the country that has most cultivated this hideous error, it has as yet, we believe, prevailed chiefly among portions of the literary classes, and not reached the peasantry; and the nation thus affected are less prone to reduce their opinions to action, and are both more speculative and less practical than ourselves. But let such a doctrine come amongst us and grow to be popular. Let it pass from the libraries of a few dreaming scholars into our common schools, our workshops, our farm-houses, and our homes. Like an active poison released from its confinement in the dim laboratory of the chemist, where it was comparatively unknown and innocuous, let it be sprinkled into every pipkin simmering upon the cottage

ing Eckerman, (p. 309.) "Man is a darkened being; he knows not whence he comes, nor whither he goes; he knows little of the world, and less of himself. *I know not myself, and may God protect me from it.*" How the rule of the old Greek wisdom, "know thyself," might seem folly to the modern German we can conceive: and how the view of his own heart might shock and appal one who would fain idolize his own wisdom and virtue, we can, with as little difficulty, imagine. But how one who shrunk from knowing himself, could, by knowing himself, recognise the truth of a system of Pantheism, is to us inconceivable. A religion that begins in dogmatic ignorance as to our own nature, and ends in dogmatic omniscience as to God's nature, does not commend itself to our reason, more than it does to our sympathies, or our hopes.

An affecting proof may be gathered from the same volume, (pp. 405, 407,) how easily the Pantheism of the schools slides into the Polytheism of the multitude. Goethe had received a cast of a piece of statuary. A model from Myron's cow, with the sucking calf, was sent him by a young artist. "Here," said he, "we have a subject of the highest sort—the nourishing principle which upholds the world, and pervades all nature, is brought before our eyes by this beautiful symbol. *This*, and others of a like nature, *I esteem the true symbols of the omnipresence of God.*" What the omnipresence of the Deity, in the system of Pantheism is, we need not linger to remark. Skeptics have affected to wonder at the unaccountable perverseness of the children of Israel forging and adoring their golden calf at the foot of Sinai; but here we have the practice palliated by a master-spirit of skepticism, amid the boasted illumination of the nineteenth century. A cow with her calf is, according to Goethe, "*the true symbol*," of the all-pervading, all-sustaining Divinity who comprises, and himself is, the universe. Did Pantheism but rule the schools, we can see how easily idolatry in its most brutish forms might be revived among the populace; and the ox-gods and onion-gods of Egypt, at which even a heathen Juvenal jeered, might, amid all our vaunted advance in knowledge, receive again the worship of our scholars. Pantheism is the philosophy of Braminism with all its hundred thousand graven images. The men who had outgrown the Bible, and found themselves wiser than the Redeemer, might, under the auspices of Pantheism, return to the worship of Apis, and adore the gods of the dairy and the stall, as they stood chewing their cud, or suckling their calves.

Thus does the philosophy that would fain soar over the head of our Saviour, to a higher and more adequate view of the Divine Nature, find itself grovelling at last in the very mire of beast-worship. It is, with no impaired reverence for his Bible, that the Christian student turns from such spectacles of human presumption and impiety, to muse on the sovereignty and adore the wisdom of Him, who thus "taketh the wise in their own craftiness."

hearth on either side of the Alleghanies; let our newspapers drop the doctrine, as a manna of death, from their multitudinous wings, around every hamlet and habitation of the land, and what were the result? Where, in one short week, were our freedom, our peace, or our morals?—all a buried wreck, submerged beneath a weltering ocean of misery and sin. The soul with no immortal heritage,—crime released from its fears of the avenger,—and sorrow stripped of its hopes of a comforter;—the world without a Governor, and the race left fatherless, with the fact of the redemption and the hope of the resurrection alike blotted out;—surely these are doctrines no false claims of liberality can palliate. And yet to such tremendous results is tending much of the miscalled liberality of our times.

This false liberalism is aiding the lawlessness of which we have before spoken, in rejecting all regard to precedent, and all reverence for antiquity.

5. But in the natural antagonism of the human mind to such excesses as these, is seen rising a fifth principle, that of *Superstition*; and though opposed to the last error, yet in its way preparing injury, from still another side, to the literary interests of our nation. It may seem to some idle to talk of superstition as a peril of the nineteenth century. But an age that devours so eagerly the prodigies of Animal Magnetism, is not quite entitled to talk superciliously of the superstition of their forefathers in having been believers in witchcraft. Much of the history of the human mind is but a history of oscillations between opposite extremes of error. There is naturally, in the soul of man, a recoil from the narrowness of the mechanical and utilitarian spirit, as well as from the lawlessness and the false liberalism of which we have already spoken as evils of the times; while the deification of passion, another of those evils, makes welcome a religion of absolutions and indulgences. And in this recoil, that antiquity which these former influences would reject, this new principle would not only retain but idolize. It is difficult to cast off all regard for those who have preceded us. It is not easy to persuade ourselves that we are men and that our ancestors were but brutes. And there are, consequently, several indications in the science, literature, and art of the times, of a current setting steadily and rapidly towards reverence for the past, a regard for the imaginative and the venerable, in place of the cold idolatry of the useful; a drifting back of the popular mind toward the times when the Roman church was a dominant power in European civilization. The Dark Ages once spoken of in our school-boy days, are now more respectfully entitled the Middle Ages. Their schoolmen, once derided, are now studied by some scholars, and quoted by more. Cousin, the leading metaphysician of France, has edited an unpublished work of Abelard, as some of the Protestant theologians of England have been republishing treatises of Aquinas. In church music the ancient chant is revived. In church architecture, the Gothic, but a few years since thought uncouth and cumbrous, and almost but another name for barbarous, the architecture of the old time-worn cathedral, and the ruinous abbey, is now regarded as the very perfection of beauty—"the frozen music"⁶ of the art. In English poetry, the classical school of Pope has given

place to the romantic school of Scott and Byron, in which the customs and the religious opinions of the old ages of chivalry are more or less brought again to recollection; whilst most of the scholars of Britain seem inclined to transfer the honors of the Augustan age of their literature from the reign of Queen Anne to the elder days of Queen Elizabeth. A powerful party in its Established Church are attempting to revive the doctrines of Laud, Sancroft, and the school of the Nonjurors; and to develop the Catholic element in their church polity to an extent which to others it would seem must render union with, and subjection to Rome, the final and inevitable result of the general ascendancy of the party. Indeed the practical character of the English mind, and their disposition to reduce to action all opinions, would seem to forbid that the proselytes of the new school should retain a foothold on the steep declivity where their teachers contrive to stand, by the aid of subtle distinctions. The nation once indoctrinated must rush down to Rome. By a sort of moral gravitation inherent in the Catholic system, the lesser must be attracted to the larger body, and the more recent to the more ancient. All attempts to stay them, on such a system, would be like arresting an avalanche, midway on its descent, and securing it to the sides of the Alps by strips of court-plaster.

In the literature of France, the contest a few years since so eagerly waged among that mercurial people between the classical and the romantic schools, would seem now to have been decided to the advantage of the latter, thus attaching the European mind, as by a new bond, to the Mediæval times. In some of the French historians, and the French are now among the best of the modern writers of history, a return has even been made to the picturesque style of the old Mediæval chroniclers. Much of this may be, and probably is the fleeting fancy of the season. And all these things may seem to some minds but fantasies of the day, and fashions that are soon to pass; but it should be remembered that such fantasies have in passing shaken thrones, and subverted dynasties; and that such fashions of feeling, if we call them so, have maddened whole nations, and in the days of the French Revolution armed France, almost as one man, against the rest of Europe, as in the days of the Crusades they had hurled Europe, in one embattled mass, upon Asia.

Favored by these, among other influences, the Church which is the great representative of superstition in Christendom—it is the Romish Church we mean—is rising rapidly to some of her lost eminence and influence. She is multiplying amongst us her colleges, many of them under the charge of that order, the Jesuits, who were once the most renowned instructors of Europe. She is entering our common schools, and laying her hand upon the Bible to eject it. Upon the field of Foreign Missions she is jostling eagerly each successful Protestant Mission in Asia, in Oceanica, or on our own continent. De Smet, a Jesuit Missionary, boasts of the hundreds of Indians baptized near the mouth of the Columbia River, far beyond the Rocky Mountains, and rumors are already spread that the Papal See is to be requested to constitute Oregon into a Romish bishoprick.⁷ But what is

⁷ Since created.

far more wondrous is the rejuvenescence of this Church in the old strong holds of Protestantism in Europe. Germany, a few years since, saw scholars like the Stolbergs and the Schlegels passing over from Protestantism into the Papal communion. Scotland, over whose gray mountains⁴ seems yet brooding the stern and solemn earnestness of her old reformers,—the land where Knox destroyed the monasteries, “dinging down” the rookeries that the rooks might not return, has seen of late her Romish chapels not only but her Romish nunneries erected, and not left untenanted by votaries. In England, the bulwark of European Protestantism, the progress of the Romish Church in numbers, wealth, boldness, and influence, within the last few years, has been most rapid. And in some portions of the earth, this artful and versatile power, rich in the arts of centuries of diplomacy, and so long the ally of Despotism, and herself almost an incarnation of Oppression, seems coquetting with Democracy, and courting the spirit of Social Progress. It reminds one of the prediction of the excellent Bengel, who, with all his errors in prophecy, was a scholar eminent for learning, acuteness and profound piety, that the last days would witness a league of Socinianism and Romanism—the spirit of tradition and the spirit of rationalism. In fact this Apostate Church, branded as the Babylon of New Testament prophecy, seems disguising her wrinkles, and painting her face until it is rent⁵ again,—rent, we mean, with some unseemly contradictions of her old principles. Like Jezebel, in her gay old age, with tired head and lacquered eyes, she is seen looking out from her palace windows, not like the relict of Ahab, to upbraid, but to soothe and to allure the Jehu of the age—the Spirit of Radicalism, and the party of the movement, as with glowing axle, it drives the chariot-wheels of innovation over every obstacle. And literature must feel, and is already feeling, in various departments, the weight of this new element, the element of superstition amid the conflicting influences of our age. The contributions, for instance, of Romish authors to English literature, have both in amount and ability been trebled probably within the last twenty years. As to the cramping and degrading power of all superstition on the mind, the restraints it imposes on the march of science, and its violence wrought against physical as well as moral truth, let the story of Galileo tell, and let the records of Spain and her inquisition attest.

We would never forget, in speaking strongly of the errors of the Romish Church, the piety and genius that have been found in members of her communion. The memory of her Kempis, her Fenelon, her Pascal, her Arnoulds, and her Nicole, must ever remain dear to the Christian. But we would remember that to some of the best of these her children, she was but a harsh and persecuting step-mother, and that she cast out that most able and devout body of men, the Jansenists of France, with ignominious cruelty,—branding their name, suppressing their books, and sparing not their dead. Nor while we cherish, with the tenderest reverence and affection, the names of some among her saints whose shoe-latchets we are not worthy to unloose, can we forget the wrongs she has inflicted upon humanity, and her blasphem-

⁵ Jerem. iv. 30.

mies against God,—can we blanch the long and dark catalogue of her corruptions and errors, or dare to overlook the sentence of prophecy, branding her with infamy, and dooming her disastrous splendor to a fatal eclipse, and her power to a final and utter overthrow.

Here then, if we have not deceived ourselves, are perils besetting the future course of our literature, not only real but formidable. Many of the details, that were unavoidable, may have seemed to some of our hearers trivial, but in our view they are trivial, only as are the weeds which float in the edge of the Gulf-stream. Light and valueless in themselves, they yet serve to remind the wary navigator what coast he is nearing, and what the currents whose noiseless power is drifting his bark away from her appointed course. Did any one of these several causes operate separately, it would be more easy to prognosticate from the signs of the times, regarding the destinies of American literature. The utilitarian and mechanical spirit, would threaten our literary glories with the fate of Holland, whose early splendor of scholarship was so fatally beclouded by her subsequent lust of gain. The prevalence of passion would conform us to the imbecile, luxurious, trifling and vindictive character that mars so much the glory of modern Italy. The reign of lawlessness would revive in our history the later ages of Republican Greece, its anarchy, violence and misery. The sway of a false liberalism would renew on American shores the crimes and sufferings of the reign of terror in France, when Anacharsis Clootz led his motley representatives of the whole human race to do homage to the French Republic, and the Archbishop of Paris abjured Christianity; as the victory of superstition would bring us into a resemblance with the former condition of Spain, when rejoicing, as her king did, in the title of the "Most Faithful" among the subject monarchs of the Romish See, the country saw absolutism filling the throne, and the inquisition filling every other place. Utilitarianism, the first of these evil influences, would replace the Bible by the leger, the price current, and the bank note list. Passion, the second, would fill our hands with the viol, the song-book, and the stiletto, or perchance the bowie knife. The third, or lawlessness, would compel every man to put on sword and pouch, and turn robber and homicide in self-defence, snatching what he could and standing sentry over his spoils. The reign of a liberalism, such as we have seen in Germany, would send us to the study of Polyglott grammars, and furnish us for our religious reading with a manual of Pantheistic Philosophy; while the domination of the fifth would give us the chaplet of beads, and the index of prohibited books to guide our prayers, and direct our studies; and meanwhile the inquisition would take under its paternal charge the erring and refractory press. But acting, as we have said, not separately, but conjointly, it is more difficult to predict the coming history of our literature. The several causes we have indicated will, when acting as antagonist forces, hardly neutralize, although they may often exasperate, each other; and some of them are likely ultimately to acquire the ascendancy over and extinguish the others.

The influence of a demoralized and demoralizing literature it is scarce possible to portray in too gloomy colors. There were days in the history

of revolutionary France when it would have been difficult to say which had been the more destructive engine, the press as worked by Marat, or the guillotine as managed by Robespierre. If the one was reeking continually with fresh blood, and heaped up its hecatombs of the dead, the other ran with a more deadly venom, that corroded the hearts of the living. Our cheap press, from its powers of diffusive influence, would make a literature that should be merely frivolous, and not flagrantly vicious, one of no little harm to the mental soundness of the nation. A race of heroes, such as Plutarch portrays, could never grow up if fed only on the spoon-meats and syllabubs of an elegant literature, and finding their entertainment in the lisplings and pulings of a feeble sentimentalism. If the press be more than frivolous, if it have become licentious, its ravages on a reading community, and in a free country, and such a community and country God has made ours, are incalculable. For character and private peace, for honesty, and morals, for the domestic charities, and for life itself, there remains no asylum on earth, when such a press is allowed to run a muck against the victims that its caprice, its interest or its pique may select. There have been newspapers circulating in Christian America, that would have been hailed in the cities of the plain, on the day ere the avenging fires fell from Heaven, as the utterances of no uncongenial spirit, the work of men morally acclimated to breathe that atmosphere of putridity and death. There have been seen, as editors, men whose hearts seem to have become first ossified, and then carious, in the exercise of their vocation, alike hardened in feeling and corrupted in principle, men who had no mercy, no conscience and no shame. And such men have been not only suffered but applauded, courted and bribed, while "a reading public," to use a phrase of the times, has been found to gather eagerly around the moral slaughter houses, over which such spirits presided; and has delighted itself in snuffing the fumes of each fresh sacrifice, feeding on the garbage, and drenching their souls in the puddles there supplied. The extent of the moral taint already spread from such foul sources of corruption, who can estimate? Were such to become the pervading and controlling spirit of our literature, that literature, and the society which sustains it, must collapse and perish, a loathsome mass of festering corruption.

For a profligate literature destroys itself and the community who patronize it. Let literature be sold into bondage to immorality, and its days are thenceforward numbered, as well by the very nature of the human mind, as by the laws of the divine government. Genius, when grinding, like a blind Samson, in the prison-house of vice, ultimately perishes in its task, and leaves no heir. It may not so seem at first. A delirious frenzy may seem to call forth fresh eloquence and harmony, and every Muse, dissolute and shameless, may wave aloft the thyrsus of a mad Bacchante. Science and art and wit and eloquence have thus aided in the erection of shrines to immorality; but they have languished and died amid their toils. A profligate people soon ceases to be intelligent, and their literature loses all living power, all ability to perpetuate itself. The literature of the dead past is soon all that remains to a vicious community. And when the proudest monument

of unprincipled talent and perverted genius has been completed, and stood perfect in beauty, its last chapter carved and fixed, its topmost pinnacle glittering on high, its last statue polished and fitted in its appointed niche, the nation may have exulted in the splendor of their immoral poetry, and eloquence and art. But that nation, even in the hour of its triumph, stands before its trophies, bereft of the talents that had aided in its work, desolate and lone, like him who reared from its ruins the city of palm-trees, the fated city over which hung the old but unslumbering curse of Heaven. His children fell as the walls of his new foundation rose; and he stood at the last in the home he had reared, a solitary man, with none to inherit his labors. "For Hiel the Bethelite in those days built Jericho. He laid the foundations thereof in Abiram, his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub." Literature slays its children when building under God's curse. Talent prostituted in the cause of vice pines amid its successes and dies; and an imbruted community, it is generally seen, by a just retribution of Providence, soon buries in oblivion the literature that has corrupted and barbarized it.

Whether then we love the cause of letters or of religion, whether our country or its honor, whether science or piety be dear to us, we need to dread a corrupt literature, and we have cause with jealousy to watch every influence that may threaten to work such corruption. We have seen that perils of this kind are not wanting amongst us.

II. But where, it may be asked, is the remedy of the evils that beset us, and against these perils is it in our power to find and apply any preservative?

Such defence, we reply then, against the possible corruption of our literature is not, amongst us at least, to be found in *legislation*. We look with jealousy on every thing that seems to abridge the freedom of the press. And again legislation is with us but the emanation of the popular taste. When that taste has itself become vitiated, it will of course hardly seek to reform itself, or submit to the necessary restrictions. Nor is there a sufficient guard in *education*. Our newspapers are in this land almost an integral part of our education, and no process that reached the schools only and not the journals of the land would be sufficient. And our scholastic education is itself but the utterance of the moral taste and fashion of the times, and will therefore be very slow to detect and check its own deficiencies. Nor is there hope for us in *philosophy*. That never yet reached the masses, and often in the classes it has reached, it has been like the Epicurean philosophy in Roman society, a fermenting principle that hastened the decay and dissolution of the commonwealth. Not in *general knowledge*, for that may be the knowledge of evil quite as much as of good, and the intelligence that stores the head and neglects the heart, has cursed many, but saved none. And if all these resources are insufficient, what have we left?

The remedy that shall guard and purge, and invigorate and fructify our literature, must have power, and to possess power it must come from without;—not from man, not from society—but from something older, higher

and mightier than society or man. But to avail with us, it must not only have power, but popular power. Our government is a government of popular opinion, and no doctrine that confines itself to the schools or to certain select classes in society, a sacerdotal or an aristocratic class, can suffice. It must also have permanent power, and be beyond the reach of change from the changing customs and fashions of the time. And where shall such a remedy be found; rebuking a cold utilitarianism, curbing the fierceness of passion, awing the lawless, enlightening and shaming the falsely liberal, and emancipating the slave of superstition? Looking at the variety and complexity of the evils to be overcome, where it may be asked shall we seek it? Human authority is insufficient, and mortal wisdom is dumb. Yet we believe that such a principle of recovery and conservatism exists, and one that has in perfection all the several elements needed to success. It has *power*; for it comes from God and stretches into eternity—*popular power*; for it was made by the maker of man's heart, and has in all ages of history and amid all varieties of culture proved its power over the masses, and commended itself to the hearts of the people—*permanent power*; for it has lasted while empires have fallen, and sects and schools of philosophy have risen, vaunted, flourished, faded and been forgotten. It claims all times, and its rewards and denunciations are fetched from beyond the grave and lay hold upon another world. Is it again asked: Where is this remedial agent—this branch of healing for the bitter waters, the Marah fountains of our literature?

We answer: It is the cross of Christ. Let us not shrink to say it.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST IS THE ONLY CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLE OF OUR LITERATURE.

Towards this point, as will be seen, all our earlier remarks have tended; and it will furnish the theme of all that yet remain to be made. Nothing else can save our literature. This can—though alone, it is sufficient. The cross of Christ, we say it again, is the only conservative principle of our literature. Nor let any be startled. Bacon spoke of Theology as the haven of all science. It was said by a highly gifted woman, Madame de Stael, who cannot be charged as a professional or prejudiced witness in the matter, that the whole history of the world resolved itself naturally into two great eras, that before Christ's coming, and that which has followed his advent. And we find Muller, a distinguished scholar and historian of Germany, holding this language as to his favorite science, in which he had made such eminent proficiency. Animadverting on a defect of Herder in his "Philosophy of History," "I find," said Muller, "every thing there but Christ, and what is the history of the world without Christ?"⁹

The whole history of our world has looked forward or backward to the fatal tree reared on grim Golgotha. The oblation there made had the promise and immutable purpose of God with it to insure its efficacy over the whole range of man's history antecedent and subsequent, and along the

⁹ Tholuck in Princeton Bibl. Repertory, vol. iv. p. 229.

whole course of the Mystery of Divine Providence, as seen in the government of the world.

Let us, we entreat you, be understood. By the Cross of Christ we do not mean the imaged cross, as borne on the banners of the Inquisition, with the emblems of Judgment and Mercy floating over the scenes of the Auto da Fe, where the judgment was without justice, and the mercy was a mere lie.¹⁰ Nor the cross as borne on the shoulder of the crusader, whilst, plead-

¹⁰ A rugged and knotty cross, with the sword of Justice displayed on one side and the olive branch of Mercy on the other, was the device borne on the banner of the Spanish Inquisition, and its motto was "Arise, O Lord, and plead thine own cause,"—*Limborchi Histor. Inq. Amstel.*, 1692, p. 370.) The inscription on that of the Inquisition at Goa was "Misericordia et Justitia," and its emblem a figure of St. Dominic, with the right hand proffering the olive branch and the left displaying the sword.—(*Ibidem.*)

The remark in the text, on the utter falsehood of the claims made by the Inquisition to mercy, refers mainly to its usual forms in passing judgment. As the canonical law forbids ecclesiastics from shedding blood, the clerical judges of that tremendous tribunal were accustomed, in handing over the heretic to the secular courts for execution, to annex the earnest recommendation that he should be treated by these secular judges with mercy, and not harmed in life or limb, whilst expecting and even requiring that these executioners of their will should destroy limbs and life in the fire.

Llorente, in his history of the Spanish Inquisition, animadverts severely on this hollow and heartless mockery of Christian tenderness. It appears in a very prominent manner on the singular records which Limborch, an earlier and Protestant historian, published, as an appendix to his History, containing the sentences of the Inquisition established at Toulouse, in France, and among whose victims were found many of the Albigenes and Waldenses. The sentences are the identical records of the sacred office, at Toulouse, from 1307 to 1323.

Amongst their victims was John Philibert, a priest of the Romish church, who had, after having been sent to apprehend a fugitive Waldensian, become, himself, a convert to the sect. The Church "having nothing more in her power to do, adequate to his demerits, (*cum ecclesia ultra non habeat quid faciat pro tuis demeritis contra te*), pronounced sentence of degradation from the priesthood; and, upon his degradation, that he should be abandoned to the judgment of the secular court, at the same time affectionately beseeching such secular court, as the requirements of the canon law demand, to preserve to thee life and limbs unharmed," (*eandem affectuose rogantes prout suadent canonice sanctiones ut tibi vitam et membra illibata conservet*), p. 255. Two other Waldensians are, with the same gentle phraseology and earnest entreaty, committed to the secular court—(p. 265.) In the recorded degradation of Philibert from his priestly office, (p. 275,) the recommendation of mercy is repeated with new emphasis. The seneschal of Toulouse, the secular judge into whose hands he passes, is "earnestly required and entreated to moderate his sentence regarding the heretic, so that it extend not to peril of death or mutilation of limb."—(*Ipsum tamen instantanter requirimus et rogamus ut citra mortis periculum et membri mutilationem suam circa sententiam moderetur*) A husband and wife, Waldensians, are again committed to the mercies of the secular tribunal in the like select and chary phrases, (p. 291.) A similar affectionate entreaty (*affectuose rogantes*) is used in delivering a female Waldensian to the chief judge of the king, the lieutenant of the seneschal of Toulouse, (p. 381) and two Beguins to the same secular judge, (p. 386,) and yet two other Beguins, who are relinquished into the same hands, (p. 393.)

It was, then, part of the gracious etiquette of the Inquisitorial tribunal, like Pilate, at the sentence of Christ, to wash her hands clean of the blood of those she gave up. More eager than Pilate, she insisted on the penalty she required others to inflict. But chary as she was of allowing the violent death which followed to appear as her act, or to stain her records, the truth breaks out in several places on these same records; as where one Petrus Lucensis, who abjured his errors, speaks of some earlier victims of the Inquisition as having been condemned by the inquisitors and prelates of the Roman church, and "left to the secular arm and burnt"—(*condemnati per inquisitores et prelatos ecclesie Romanæ, et relictis seculari brachio et combusti*), p. 360. The formula of abandonment to the secular arm was followed by the stake as its invariable sequent—"condemnati et per secularem curiam combusti," pp. 310, 313, 319, 320, 328, &c.

And the inquisitors not only expected this sequent, but, as it appears from Llorente's history of the kindred Inquisition in Spain, they required and enforced it. It is from the second edition of his original work, as published at Paris, in 1813, in 4 vols., 8vo, and not from the American re-print of his abridged work, that we quote. The sentence of the Inquisition, he remarks, closes with a

ing the name of Christ, he moved through scenes of rapine and massacre to lay his bloody hand on the Holy Sepulchre. Nor do we mean the cross, as, carved and gilded, it is seen glittering on the spires of a cathedral, or hung in jewels of gold around the maiden's neck, or embroidered on the

prayer to the judges to treat the sufferer with humanity, (I. 122;) but there were, he observes, several instances in which the secular magistrate, choosing to take the inquisitors at their word, and to suppose their language sincere, did not send the culprit to punishment, and the judge was, in consequence, arraigned himself, as one suspected of heresy, (I. 125.) "The prayer, then," it is his language that we use, "was but a vain formality, dictated by hypocrisy."—(*Ibid.*) So again, in animadverting on the case of Marine de Guevara, (II. 253, 254,) he exclaims, "Who would not be moved with indignation to see this act of the tribunal closing with a recommendation, on the part of the inquisitors, to the royal judge in ordinary, that he should use with the accused gentleness and mercy, whilst they were not ignorant as to what was to ensue? * * * If, on the condemned being placed in the hands of the corregidor, this officer should allow himself to sentence the victim to perpetual imprisonment in some fortress, instead of sentencing to capital punishment, they would have carried their complaints to the king, and perhaps even have launched their censures against him and have brought him to judgment as one guilty of having opposed himself to the measures of the holy office—of having violated his oath to lend to them aid and assistance, and of being a favorer of heretics. What, then, means this hypocritical affectation? * * * It is for their purposes to induce the belief that they have no share in the death of the accused, who is their neighbor, and that thus they have not incurred the penalties of ecclesiastical irregularity, pronounced against those priests who have had a share in the death of any person." Lorente, it will be remembered, was a Romanist, had, himself, been for years an officer of the Inquisition, and wrote with its records before him.

Of such infamous jugglery with truth and the forms of Christian kindness it is not, then, harsh to say, that "*its mercy was a mere lie.*"

Several of the victims of the French Inquisition are charged, amongst other offences, with confessing their sins to Waldensian or other pastors, "*who, as they knew, were not priests ordained by any bishop of the Romish church.*"—*Limborch*, pp. 264, 226, 230, 234, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 290, &c. The tenet of apostolic succession, as coming through Rome, and necessary to a valid ministry, was then one element in the storm of wrath that burst upon these sufferers. One of them, Raymond Dominic, who seems to have been arraigned in 1322, is charged, amongst other errors, with holding that "the baptism of water, given by the Church to boys was of no worth, because the boys consented not, but rather wept." We give the misspelt Latin of the inquisitorial scribe: "*Item quod baptismus aque factus per ecclesiam pueris nichil valebat, quia pueri non consensiebant ymo flebant.*"—p. 348. He and his wife had been fugitives for eleven years. When asked why, at his first citation, he had not appeared and confessed, but fled, he replied, it was from pity for his seven children of either sex, for whom he feared that they would die of hunger if he and his wife had been then imprisoned, and that he proposed to come in and confess when his children should have become able to help themselves.—p. 349. So also his wife, being asked the reason of their flight, replied, it was chiefly from love and pity for their little boys—"propter amorem et compassionem puerorum suorum parvulorum"—who would perish of hunger.—p. 250. Such incidents reveal some of the scenes of domestic anguish this ruthless tribunal created.

The same records of the Tribunal at Toulouse may throw some light on a question lately agitated—whether the oath of the Romish bishop, taken at his consecration, is to be translated as requiring of him the persecution of heretics. In the proceedings of the French Inquisition we find the Latin word in question occurring in the oaths taken of the secular magistrates to aid the Inquisition in the detection and suppression of heresy; in the penances assigned those who recanted their heresy and were to prove their sincerity by informing against and delivering up others; in the forms of abjuration imposed upon penitents; and in the complaints of the sufferers against the Romish church for its treatment of them; and again in the statement, by her own officers, of that church's conduct towards errorists. On page 1, the secular magistrates of Toulouse, under the French king, are sworn to defend the faith of the holy Roman church, and to "pursue (or persecute) and take, and cause to be taken, accuse and denounce to the church and inquisitors, heretics, their disciples, favorers and harborers—"hereticos credentes, fautores et receptatores eorumdem persequemur, &c. This was sworn on the Holy Gospels of God, and a similar oath was taken of the "consules" of Toulouse, p. 1. Similar oaths may be found imposed on the secular tribunals, in pp. 292, 334, &c. So those admitted to penance, on recantation, are charged, "*Præterea persequimini hereticos quibuscunque nominibus censeantur et credentes et fautores et receptatores et defen-*

slipper of a pontiff.¹¹ The cross, as we understand it, has no sympathy with a religion of shows and spectacles, of mummeries and pageants, of incense and music, and long-drawn aisles, and painted windows, and gorgeous pictures, and precious statuary.

sore eorum," to persecute heretics, by whatever names they be designated, and their disciples, favorers, harborers and defenders, p. 341; and a similar penance, on p. 347, includes also "fugitives for heresy." A William Garrick, Professor of Laws, admitted to penance, but banished from the kingdom of France, in the year 1321, "swears and promises to the best of his power to persecute heretics of every condemned sect, and those whom he knows or believes to be fugitives for heresy, and to cause them, to the best of his power, to be apprehended and delivered up to the inquisitors of heretical pravity"—p. 253. Certain offenders, condemned to imprisonment, "abjure heresy and swear to keep hold and defend the orthodox faith—to persecute heretics and their favorers, and to disclose and reveal them, wherever known to be." p. 202. A relapsed Waldensian is charged with falsifying his oath, "*parere mandatis ecclesie et inquisitorum et persequi Valdenses et alios hereticos*," to obey the mandates of the church and its inquisitors, and persecute Waldensians and other heretics, and is charged with thus returning, *tantum canis ad vomitum*, p. 254. So the church, describing her own conduct, uses the same word. Philibert, already named, one of their own priests, whom the purer faith of the Waldensians had won over, is charged with holding these Waldensians to be good men and a good sect, and of good faith in which men might be saved, "*although he knew that the Roman church and the inquisitors of heretics persecuted and condemned them*,"—*QUAMVIS SCIRET QUOD ECCLESIA ROMANA ET INQUISITORES HERETICORUM PERSEQUERENTUR IPSOS ET CONDEMPNARENT*. Here is the church describing herself, p. 254. John Brayssan, another of these Waldensians, is charged with belonging to that sect of Waldensians, or Poor Men of Lyons, "which the sacred Roman church, mother and mistress of all (churches,) long since has condemned as heretical, and the same, as being truly such, *persecutes and condemns*"—*quam sacrosancta Romana ecclesia mater omnium et magistra dudum tantum hereticam condempnavit ET EAM TANQUAM VERE TALEM PERSEQUITUR ET CONDEMPNAT*, p. 207. So, too, the complaints of the sufferers use the same word. The Waldensians are represented as asserting rashly (*temerarie asserunt*), "that the sacred Roman church sins and deals with them unlawfully and unjustly, because *it persecutes and condemns them*"—(*quia ipsos persequitur et condempnat*), p. 207. Another, John Chauoat, of the same hapless sect, is charged, amongst his other misdemeanors, with saying and asserting (*dicis et asseris*), "that those who persecute these same (Waldensians), to wit, the prelates of the Roman church and the inquisitors of heretical pravity, act unjustly, and in unrighteously apprehending and detaining them, and in giving up to the secular arm those who will not desert that sect," p. 263. We have seen, and the martyrs of the valleys felt, what the inquisitors call their "canonical sanctions," which, amongst other things, required the use of a heartless form of mercy, while giving up the victim to merciless tortures and death. We need not be surprised to find, though the inquisitors seem to regard it as unaccountable temerity, that these "*canonicas sanctiones*," "the aforesaid sect, wandering from the right path, neither receives nor regards as of any worth, but spurns, rejects and contemns"—(*spernit, rejicit et contempnit*), pp. 263 and 207. Familiar as were those blessed confessors with the Bible, they probably recollected, in connexion with at least this portion of the venerable "canonical sanctions," the language of the Psalmist, an earlier sufferer: "His words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords."—(Ps. lv. 21.)

If the Episcopal oath is, then, to be construed by the analogy of other ancient usage of the word on the part of the same church, we can be at no loss as to its signification. The word "persecution" is become, through the growth of Protestant influence, an odious word. Many excellent Catholics, as individuals, repudiate the thing itself. But, as Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, has shown in his 9th lecture on the Reformation, the Roman church has authoritatively established persecution as her duty. Individuals have no right to create or decide the doctrine of the church. She claims infallibility and immutability; and, although from the force of public opinion and the stress

¹¹ "The Pope is present. He is seated on a throne or chair of state; the cardinals, in succession, approach and kiss his hand, retire one step, and make three bows or nods: one to him in front, and one on the right hand, and another on the left; which, I am told, are intended for him, (as the personification of the Father,) and for the Son, and for the Holy Ghost, on either side of him; and all the cardinals having gone through these motions, and the inferior priests having kissed his toe—that is, the cross embroidered on his shoe—high mass begins."—*Rome in the Nineteenth Century Harper's Edition*, vol. ii. pages 246, 247.

But by this title, we mean the cross naked, rugged, and desolate, not pictured, save on the eye of faith, and upon the pages of scripture,—not graven but by the finger of the spirit on the regenerate heart;—the cross as Paul preached it, and the first Christians received it. This doctrine, we suppose to have two aspects. The first, Christ crucified, as becoming our

of circumstances, she may allow certain doctrines and claims to remain in abeyance, they wait but the fitting season to revive and reclaim their old influence. And what the supreme Pontiff, himself, judges of such individual and modern modifications of the old doctrines we may augur from that Encyclical letter issued by the reigning Pontiff of our own times, Gregory XVI, in the year 1832, (*La Mennais. Affaires de Rome. Bruzelles, 1837. pp. 352-395*) Writing as under the patronage of the Virgin Mary, whose aid he invokes to guide his mind, (*celesti afflatu suo*), by her heavenly inspiration, into salutary counsels, (p. 356,) he reminds the bishops and dignitaries he addresses, in the language of his canonized predecessors in the Pontificate, *that every novelty, whatsoever, shakes the entire church, and that nothing once regularly established* (by the church) *admits of being in aught diminished, in aught altered, in aught increased, but is to be preserved unimpaired in terms and in signification*,"—pp. 362-364. Rejecting, therefore, indignantly, the proposed restoration and regeneration suggested by some, as necessary to the well-being of the church, (p. 368,) he denounces, as "*an absurd and erroneous sentiment, or rather the raving of delirium, the opinion that, for every one, whatever, is to be claimed and defended, THE LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE*," p. 376; "to which *most pestilent error, (pestilentissimo errori,*" he goes on to remark, "*the way has been prepared by that full and unbounded liberty of opinion which prevails widely, to the injury of the church and the commonwealth; some with extreme impudence pronouncing that from it are to flow advantages to religion*," p. 376. Reading history by lights of his own, he proceeds to declare that "*experience has shown, from the earliest antiquity, that States, the most eminent in wealth, power and glory, have fallen by THIS ONE EVIL, the ungoverned freedom of opinion, license of discourse and the love of innovation*," p. 376. "To the same class," he proceeds, "is to be referred that *worst and never enough to be execrated, and detestable (deterrima ac nunquam satis execranda et detestabilis), LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, (libertas artis librarie.)*"—p. 378. We must close our quotations; but such language proves distinctly that the principles of toleration and freedom that, in our country, have made persecution for religion unpopular, are not yet the principles of the Romish See. Individuals may disavow and repudiate the use of force to compel religious uniformity; but with such declarations before us, from the head of the Romish church, the very "*Seat of Verity and Unity*," as the Romanists term it, it requires great heedlessness, or singular credulity, to suppose that Rome has changed her principles, however she may vary her policy or modify her tactics to the emergencies of the time and the scene.

That Rome has not repented of the blood she shed in former centuries, for the suppression of heresy, the same document sufficiently attests, where, in the face of all history, and in spite of admissions as to their moral excellence, made by such high Catholic authority as Bossuet, the reigning Pontiff goes on to speak of the "*Waldensians, and other sons of Belial of the same class*," (*aliorumque hujusmodi filiorum Belial*), as being "*the filth and shame of the human race*," (*qui humani generis sordes ac dedecora fuere*), and "*therefore deservedly so often smitten by the anathema of the Seat of the Apostles*,"—p. 388. It is not for any man to use such language of such confessors of Christ, and especially for one holding the seat once held by Alexander VI, to talk so unreservedly of "*the filth of the human race*."

He might well remember that the connexion of his own Pontifical line with the Borgias of the one sex and the Marozias of the other, is a fact much later and surer, as to the evidence establishing it, and the influence emanating from it—both much nearer and much clearer, than the Apocryphal claim that line has set up of apostolical descent and authority. To an American Christian it affords but little evidence of the possession of an "*apostolical seat*," or the inheritance of an apostolical spirit, to have launched such butchery of old, and to scatter such Billingsgate now, upon

"O, Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old.

* * * * *

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks."

* * * * *

Milton.

free and full *justification* by a blood that purges from all sin, and avails for the world. It was the reassertion of this doctrine which wrought the glorious reformation. The second, Christ crucified, as the principle of our *sanctification*, under the influences of the renewing spirit, that conforms the believer to his Lord, and crucifies his evil nature within him. Thus it was that Christ was not only crucified himself, but required also every disciple to come after him, taking up also his own cross, and Paul speaks of himself as crucified unto the world. This last aspect of the doctrine of the cross, we have thought, has been rather overlooked by some of the reformers, in their zeal against self-righteousness, and against a false and ascetic piety. Such was Cecil's opinion,¹² whom none can suspect of any want of reverent feeling for the reformers. But if we look to the New Testament, it is very evident that *both* were blended in the doctrine as the early Christians received it. The cross was not only their confidence, but the model of their conformity. It is, we have supposed, a defect here,—a neglect of aiming at this high standard of devotedness, on the part of many of us Protestants, that has given to the Oxford Tractarian movement, and to the present efforts of Romanism, most of their hold upon the public mind. Apparent estrangement from the world, and a self-denial that rises superior to the ordinary idols of society, will commend to the respect of mankind even much error in those thus estranged and self-denying. It throws a glistening veil of sanctity even over the gross corruptions of Romanism; and her impostures and enormities are often overlooked by those who see standing in her shrines her martyrs of charity, her Vincent de Pauls, and her Francis Xaviers. A pining recluse, scourging himself in sober sadness, as the expression of his deep sense of sin, may be a pitiable spectacle of delusion; but he is not in the eyes of the world generally, as odious a sight as that presented by a self-satisfied, self-indulgent professor of a purer creed, living in all ease and pleasure, conformed to the world in all its follies, and vaunting of a doctrinal orthodoxy that produces no eminence in holiness. Christians must live more upon the cross, seeing in it not only the principle of their faith, but also the pattern of their obedience,—the cross not only as cancelling their sin, but also as crucifying their lusts. Such is the two-fold aspect of the great truth, the basis of all scriptural doctrine and practice, the centre of all its mysteries and all its morality—the cross of Christ.

Let us now, for a moment, turn to the history of that Cross, in order that we may perceive more clearly its strange elements of power. Place

¹² "Man is a creature of extremes. * * * * Popish heresy of human merit in Justification, drove Luther on the other side into most unwarrantable and unscriptural statements of that doctrine."—*Cecil's Works*, N. Y. 1825. Vol. iii. p. 419.

"The leading defect in Christian ministers is want of a DEVOTIONAL HABIT. The Church of Rome made much of this habit. The contests accompanying and following the Reformation, with something of an indiscriminate enmity against some of the good of that Church, as well as the evil, combined to repress this spirit in the Protestant writings; whereas the *mind of Christ* seems in fact, to be the grand end of Christianity in its operation upon man."—*Ibid*, p. 302.

"A want of the spirit of the cross in its professors increases the offence of the cross—that humility, patience and love to souls, which animated Christ when he offered himself on the cross for the sins of the world."—*Ibid*, p. 381.

yourselves then, in imagination, amid the multitude, that swayed by curiosity, or inflamed by hate, are rushing from the hall of judgment, and sweeping along their hurried and tumultuous way to the hill of crucifixion. Reeling under insults, a meek sufferer, whose head is bound with a crown of thorns, and his face swollen with blows and wet with the spewings of the mob, is threading, slowly and painfully, his way through that exasperated crowd, all athirst and ravening for his blood. He has reached the spot selected for his death. There he stands faint, but mute and uncomplaining, whilst the cruel preparations are made that shall consummate the sacrifice. Amid shouts, and taunts, and fiercest blasphemy, he is nailed and lifted up. As the cross becomes erect, and he hangs at last before that excited multitude, methinks I see exultation, like a rising breeze, ruffle that sea of upturned faces. And there he is lifted, how utterly friendless and abject to the eye of man; for even the thieves upbraid him, that hang and writhe besides him.

But were your eyes unsealed, as the prophet opened those of his servant at Dothan, you would discern, besides and above that howling rabble, a more august gathering. Legions, whose feeblest warrior would have turned to paleness the cheek of Cæsar at the head of all his hosts, are gazing there; yet withheld by some dread sentence, they do not interpose. Angels that excel in might and in glory, watch that desolate sufferer with adoring interest. That much outraged victim, seemingly rejected of man and abandoned of God, is my Maker. In that lowly form is veiled the incarnate Godhead. The angels that smote Sennacherib's camp, and slew the first-born of Egypt, have bowed often their heads to this being, as their Lord and their Creator. Excited as are his enemies, they could frame no consistent accusation against him to justify their enmity. There, under reproach, anguish and cursing, dies the only one of Adam's race that knew no sin. For no guilt of his own is he suffering, but to cancel that of his murderer, man. Thus viewed, what elements of grandeur and tenderness, of the loftiest splendor and the lowliest condescension, blend in that dread sacrifice. Do men look with interest on greatness in misery? It is here. The King of glory dying as a malefactor. Are they touched with sympathy for distress? How deep was the anguish even of his patient spirit, when he cried out, invoking a Father who had hidden his face. Should wisdom attract, here was the great Teacher whom all Judea had admired, speaking as never man spake,—the heavenly Teacher for whom Socrates had taught himself and his scholars to hope. He is here giving his lessons on the cross. The good man dying ignominiously, of whom Plato had glimpses, is here, the exemplar of perfect innocence, enduring the treatment due to consummate wickedness. That sacrifice stirs all worlds. Hell misses its expected prey, and the spell of despair over the accursed earth is broken. That sacrifice may well have power with man, for it has power with God. To the human mind, it presents in the closest union and in their highest energy, all the elements of sympathy, awe and tenderness. It blends a Divine majesty that might well overawe the haughtiest, with a winning gentleness that would re-assure the most desponding. It may

well be, at the same time, a theme for the mind of an angel to study, without grasping all its vastness, and a motive for the mind of the Sabbath-school child to feel, without being repelled by its loftiness. It has power, practical power—popular power—permanent power. It is God's remedy for sin; and with the accompanying influences of his Spirit, it can avail as the remedy for all forms of man's sin, as that sin is infused into, and as it is found envenoming either the literature of the world, or any other product of the human mind. Let us but transcribe that truth into the heart, and illustrate it in the life, or rather let the renewing grace of God's spirit so transfer it into the soul of man, let me be enabled to believe in this Divine Sufferer, as my Saviour—to feel that with him I am dying to the world, and that with him too, I shall rise again from the grave, see him on the judgment throne, and follow him into the gates of Paradise: and with these truths firmly grasped by the mind, what has the world left wherewith to allure, wherewith to appal me? I have thrown myself loose from the trammels of earth. Its cords have perished at the touch of an ethereal fire. Disengaged from its entanglements, its bonds sundered, and its snares parted, I soar aloft, to sit, in the language of Paul, in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. I rise yet higher, and in the awful language of Peter, I, the heir of corruption, and once the bondsman of death, am made "a partaker of the divine nature." Here is power.

Let that power of the Cross but go forth in its appropriate channels, in a holy, devoted ministry—in the more elevated piety of the Church, and in a christian education of the young, given by the church, if the State will not give it:—let that power, we say, but go forth in these channels, and with God's blessing upon it, the world is saved. Carry that truth into all the scenes of human activity, or suffering—into the market-place, and the halls of legislation; into the schools of philosophy, and the student's cell, and the editor's desk, the cabins of poverty and the dungeons of crime, let it fence the cradle and watch the death-bed; and it will be found equal to every task, competent to every emergency, and mighty to exorcise every evil spirit. The earthly miracles of our Lord, were in some sense but anticipations and earnestings of the moral miracles which that doctrine of the cross has wrought, is now working, and will continue to work. Yet,—yet, does this Saviour open the blinded eyes of passion, and breathe strength wherewith to obey him into the palsied will of the sinner.

1. And first let us test the energy of the cross, in its application to the mechanical and utilitarian spirit of the age. It meets all the just wants of that spirit. Utilitarians demand the practical, and this is a doctrine eminently practical. Let us but observe this trait in Christ's own history. He might have theorized brilliantly and perhaps safely to himself. He might have been the Plato or the Homer of his age, a Plato far more profound, a Homer far more sublime than the old Grecians. But he threw aside all such fame. He furnished the substance and subject of the most glorious literature the world has seen, but he left it for others to write that literature. His business was doing good. He was a practical teacher, and a practical philanthropist. And as to the actual working, and the every-day results

of the doctrine since the Saviour's times, it is seen how Commerce confesses that her way has been often prepared and protected by the missionaries of this cross; and how the statesman bears witness that his government has owed the stability, order and virtue of the community to the preaching of this cross; and how the scholar attests that science has flourished best under the peaceful and sober influence of this religion of the cross. The gospel is eminently practical, then, and so far, it conciliates the spirit of utilitarianism.

But the doctrine of the cross is not sordid and selfish, and, so far, it corrects the mechanical, utilitarian tendency of our times. Against the lust of gain, it sets, in strong contrast, the example of Christ's voluntary poverty, and in solemn warning, the Saviour's declaration, how hardly the rich man enters the kingdom of heaven. Against the disposition which would set material interests above all others, and teach us to regard the tangible goods of earth as the only real or the only valuable possessions, the gospel shows Christ setting moral far above all material interests—and uttering the brief and pithy question, before which avarice turns pale, and ambition drops his unfinished task: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" If, as the great English moralist said, that which exalts the future, and disengages man's mind from being engrossed by the present, serves to elevate man to the true dignity of his nature; how great the practical value of a faith, in whose far-reaching visions, time dwindles into a speck, and eternity becomes the paramount object of man's anxieties and hopes, where Truth is made more valuable than all things, to be bought at all risks, while Truth is not to be sold for the world.—And the prevalent selfishness which lies at the basis of that mechanical and utilitarian spirit of which we have spoken, is sorely rebuked by the very thought of a Divine Redeemer, who, moved by no selfish aims, but in disinterested kindness, compassionately visits, and by the sacrifice of himself ransoms his envenomed foes; and whose gospel makes all mankind my brethren in a common sin, doom, and ransom; and bids me freely give to my fellow man what I have most freely received.

Imbue, then, your literature with that spirit, and men learn that they are not mere calculating, money-getting machines, that they have an immortal soul within them;—and that the earth which they till and parcel out, and conquer and govern, is but the lodge of their few way-faring years, as they are journeying to their home in the far eternity. Then the miser, as that world, revealed by the cross, heaves into view, unclutches his gold. Then the manœuvres and tactics, the trickery and juggling of parties in the church and the state, show in their native meanness, beside the simple, sublime and unselfish scheme of the Redeemer. The views of eternity, gained at the foot of that cross, open a wider horizon to the noblest flights of science. The views of duty there learned, give a higher finish to all the details of industry and art. Give literature thoroughly to feel and diffuse this doctrine of the cross, and while, on the one hand, it is saved from fruitless speculations, and made eminently practical; it is on the

other hand, effectually snatched from under the wheels of a mechanical age, and saved from being trodden into the mire beneath the hoofs of a sordid selfishness. Thus the human mind, in its pursuit of letters, is made practical, but not mechanical; and while taught to aim at the widest usefulness, is raised above a grovelling utilitarianism, that measures all good by selfish advantages, and the standard of present expediency.

2. Bring again, this doctrine to the trial, in its power over passion. We have remarked its effects on the tyranny of Mammon; let us try its energies on the prowling spirit of Belial. In the death of the Mediator and Victim, it has provided for the free forgiveness of the most aggravated sins. To those who have become the slaves of their unbridled passions, it holds out therefore the prospect of recovery, and the promise of a pardon, full and immediate. It cheers those who had learned to despair of their own moral renovation. It announces hope for the world's outcasts. Those whom human society had shut out as irrecoverable, it pursues and reclaims. In circumstances the most discouraging, and characters the most hopeless, it delights to work its miracles of mercy. It rears the flowers and fruits of virtue on the scarce cooled crust of the flowing lava of passion, that but lately had poured forth its devastating floods over every green thing. But while thus welcoming the vilest, it makes no peace with their evil passions. It exorcises the fiercer, to foster the gentler of these impulses and affections of man's heart. Of this religion, the Lamb and the Dove are the chosen emblems, meekness and kindness the instruments of its triumphs, and its law the law of love.

Hence its signal power to humanize and civilize when introduced into those portions of society where it had before been unknown. See how it has tamed the rude, uplifted the degraded, and cleansed the polluted, and righted the oppressed in the islands and upon the continents to which the missionary has carried it. It has, indeed, much yet to accomplish even in the bounds of the Christian church. Bring it to bear more fully upon the habits and feelings of the church, and it will destroy there the supremacy of mere emotion and excitement, operating as they sometimes do to produce a false fire not from Heaven. It substitutes principle as the guide of life instead of that treacherous and changeful sympathy which is often made the rule of our way. It summons the disciple, in view of his Master's journey and end, to lead no random life, the mere sport of caprice and impulse. It rebukes those Christians who may be described as living by jerks, and whose fitful activity has all the contortions of the adventitious life of galvanism. When allowed its full scope over the inner world of the heart, see its power to produce high and symmetrical excellence in Leighton and Doddridge and Baxter and Pearce, and why should we hesitate to add, in the heavenly minded St. Cyran and Fenelon? See the men whom it has thoroughly possessed, in whom it operated pervading all their passions, and making them to become like Brainerd or Martyn or Xavier, "*living burnt sacrifices*" on the altar of God. We see no lack of noble feelings and high emotion there. It is no painted flame that shines there; much less are they the lurid fires of a malignant, persecuting

zeal. The victim is consumed in the flames of a heaven descended charity, a holocaust to God, while all around is made radiant with the golden and lambent lustre of his love.

For the doctrine of the cross is far from extirpating passion. It but regulates it. No doctrine like it awakens and sustains the holier passions. All is purified and subordinated to the love of God, and man returns thus to the likeness of his unfallen self—to bear again some traces of his original character ere sin had marred his nature, or sorrow darkened his path; and when all his powers and passions ministered to virtue and contributed to his happiness.

Let literature then become but the handmaid of this doctrine of the cross, and it can no longer pander, as it has too long done, to the fiercer or baser appetites of mankind. How much has the cultivated talent of the race, in its various literary tasks, set itself to divide and destroy, to corrupt and intoxicate mankind. Genius has shouted to swell the discord, and its cry has exasperated the strifes, of the world, instead of being their peacemaker. How often has the scholar yoked himself to the brazen car of Moloch, or served to heighten the idolatrous revel in the groves of the wanton Ashtoreth. How much of literary achievement has perished in consequence of the corruption that so deeply engrained it, or has continued and lived only to spread around moral infection. Looking back over the history of our world, as preserved by those who knew not, or obeyed not this gospel, it is a humiliating record. The tumult and rage of passion seem endless. One wide and restless sea overspreads the scene. But when the gospel moves over this waste, dovelike in spirit, it comes like the dove to the ark of our diluvian father, bearing the message of peace and the omen of hope—the leaf that betokens the assuaging of the waters, the cessation of the storm, and the re-appearance of earth, from its long baptism of death, all radiant in new-born verdure and beauty.

No skill in negotiation or prowess in war can avail like this gospel to establish peace among the nations. No police, however well-appointed and vigilant, has equal power to give order and security to the nation or the city within itself. No principle or art, no degree of refinement and no measure of knowledge can succeed like the religion of the cross in giving true peace to the household. To destroy in all these relations of society, the tyranny of the vindictive passions, no power is like that of the gospel. Its efficacy to raise and restore the slaves of the baser appetites of our nature, we have already seen. A literature then controlled by this gospel, will not be the literature of mere blind passion. And no principle is so likely to eject from our literature this passion, as the great truth of Christ crucified, iterated and reiterated in the ears of our people.

3. Apply it again, as a conservative principle, to counteract the lawlessness of our times. If ever it appeared as if there might be a just revolt against the will of Providence, it seemed to be at the time when the meek Saviour, innocent, lowly and loving, was sold by the traitor, deserted of his disciples, assailed by the false accuser, and condemned by the unjust judge. But though the cup was bitter, it was meekly drunk, for it had been the

Father's will to mingle it, and his was the hand that held to the lips of the Son the deadly draught. Lawlessness is hushed at the sight of Gethsemane. In the garden and at the cross you see illustrated the sanctity of law as it appears no where else. It was Mercy indeed that was forcing her way to the sinner ; but as she went, she was seen doing homage to Justice, and paying the debt, ere she freed the captive. That dread transaction proclaimed the truth that transgression could never in God's universe occur with impunity ; and that if one did not suffer, another must. Tenderness was there lavished, such as the heart of man never conceived in its hour of most impassioned and concentrated affection. Yet that tenderness leaned on the sternest principle. The Father loved the Son thus sacrificed as his well-beloved one ; yet it "*pleased* the Father to bruise Him." Surely here is found no precedent for the lawless tenderness that exonerates the criminal and blames the law. It is not at the cross of Christ that ministry has learned its lessons, which employs itself in weaving silken scabbards, in the vain hope to sheath the lightnings of God's law ; or which is full of dainty contrivances to muffle "the live, leaping thunders" of Sinai, and make them no longer a terror to the evil-doer. In the last scenes of the Saviour's life that law was not contemned, but "magnified and made honorable." So Christ would have it be ; and a true Church of Christ would say : So let it be. What submission is here taught as to the appointments of God—even though he slay us. Where can self-denial, that rare and splendid grace of the Christian, be so effectually acquired as in watching the scene of his Master's passion, presented beneath the Olives of Gethsemane, while the sod beneath is wet with great drops of bloody sweat, and the leaves above are stirred with the sobs of that ascending prayer : "not my will, Father, but thine be done." Subjection to the law of God is one of the best preparatives for submission to all the just laws of human society. And send the spirit of Christ's cross through a land, and what a law-biding community would it become. The sanctity of law and right would then hedge around the property, character and interests of each member of society. It would make a latch sufficient protection for the vaults of a bank. Men's word would be their bond. Our schools and colleges would then be filled with youth, docile and modest, who would not begin their studies by undertaking to teach their instructors, nor consider it their earliest duty to exercise a paternal authority and supervision over the Faculty of the Institution, whose instructors they deign to patronize by being there matriculated. Our sanctuaries would present the spectacle of Christians united in affection, bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of love. Far as the spirit of the gospel has already influenced literature it has been made a literature friendly to public order, and the ally of law, thinning where our popular literature too often serves but to multiply the tenants of our jails ; and teaching his disciples to render honor unto whom honor is due, and fear to whom fear.

4. Look, next, at its power to check the false liberalism of the times, in its wretched effects on the moral integrity and purity of our literature. This form of evil has many shapes. All we cannot discuss. We would but

enumerate its strange speculations as to Scripture ; its false liberality as to religious faith ; its false toleration in morals ; and lastly, its demon pride setting itself up to supersede Jehovah. All these how sternly does the cross of Christ rebuke and repudiate.

Trust some of these liberal teachers, and all the old truths of scripture vanish. Instead of its solid grounds of history, its significant prophecy, and all its varied, unerring inspiration ; they would usher us into a mere cloud-land of shifting speculations, unsubstantial and formless and evanescent. They would disembowel the Bible of its facts, and leave behind a few cold truths of Natural Religion, most awkwardly told, the fragments of a myth about the development of Human Nature. But take their theory to the cross. Look up at that sufferer. Read his discourses ; follow his miracles ; and believe, if you can, that this is not a history of facts. The confession of the infidel Rosseau bursts to your lips : " If this be a fiction, the inventor is yet more wondrous even than the hero of the narrative." You have the fullest circumstantial details of Christ's life, the country and age in which he lived, the cities he visited and the persons he met. Pilate and Herod were facts. Jerusalem was a fact. Gethsemane was a fact. Calvary was a fact. And he who hung there, on the fatal tree of anguish and shame, asserted not myths, but facts—wrought not myths, but facts—loved not in myth but in fact ; and the salvation he has offered, the Heaven which he has opened, and the Hell from which he has warned us—all--all are facts. Wo to those, who treat all as myths, until, not mythically but really, they for ever forfeit the one, and plunge irrevocably into the other. To study the narrative of the gospels, apart from the prejudices of a preconceived system, and believe it a fiction, is impossible. Then were all history a fable.

Try by the same test, the spirit to which we refer, in its false liberality as to religious faith—its chameleon character, finding true piety in all creeds and worships, and identifying as being but one God, Jehovah the God of the Scriptures, with the Baal and the Moloch whom he cursed, with Juggernaut, whose worshippers are crushed beneath chariot wheels, and Kallee even, wearing her necklace of human skulls, and invoked by the Thug, ere he strangles his victim. No, the Bible knows no such toleration and liberality as this. It exclaims, " Israel hath forgotten his Maker, and buildeth temples."¹³ A man may be, as a liberalist would term him, religious, and rear costly shrines from his religious feeling, and yet God say of him that he had forgotten his Maker, and his religion was therefore valueless. The exclusive character of Truth, disdaining all compromise, was apparent in all Christ's course. He did not blend Sadduceanism, Pharisaism, and Herodianism, and Heathenism into one religion ; and sanction all as meaning the same thing. On the contrary, he denounced all, provoked all, was assailed by all, and at last is seen dying by the confederated malice and hate of all. Truth was not, on his lips, a motley compound of all human opinions, an eclecticism from all varieties of human error,

but like its Divine Author, immutable and one, sanctioning no compromise and allowing no rival.

Try these falsely liberal views, as to the toleration to be shown in questions of morals. Literature in our day professes to cultivate a sympathy for all classes, even for those who trade in vice, and eat the bread of wickedness. It has discovered that highwaymen, prostitutes and pickpockets, have their literary rights, and should be fully represented in their own fashion in the great commonwealth of letters. A literature of felons is accordingly written, and alas, it is also read, corrupting our language with the slang of cut-throats, and our youth with their immorality. Was this, now, the spirit of our crucified Lord? He was indeed the friend of sinners. He sate in the publican's house as a guest; he frowned not from his feet the weeping penitent whose very presence seemed to others to shed around contamination. But although thus forgiving to the sinner when contrite, he never dallied with sin itself. Paul seems to have found converts to the cross in the household of the atrocious Nero; but he never improves the advantages thus afforded him, to draw revolting pictures of the excesses of Nero's drunken hours; nor has he recorded what, to our modern novelists, would have been invaluable, the confessions he might have heard from the criminals who were wafted with him over the Mediterranean, in the prison ship that bore him to Rome. There were things which Paul says he thought it a shame even to speak of. Well had it been for the purity of our literature and the innocence of our youth, had the writers of our age condescended to learn wisdom at the feet of Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles. Peter, another of the first preachers of the cross, speaks of sinners who had "like the dog turned to their own vomit again, and like the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire." But the apostle of the circumcision never stooped to picture the loathsome detail, and thus in effect to partake the banquet of the one, and share the bath of the other. Modern literature, aye, elegant literature, amid all the vaunted refinement of the nineteenth century, has done both, in order to enlarge our knowledge of nature and life, and to teach us superiority to the exclusiveness of vulgar prejudices. With such forms of liberalism the cross and its preachers have no sympathy.

The cross repudiates the demon pride of this false liberalism. In Eden, Satan but ventured to promise "Ye shall be as Gods," hinting a distant likeness to God, as the reward of sin. Modern Pantheism has renounced the qualifying terms, laid aside all hesitation, and converting the promise of future good into an assertion of present privilege, it exclaims audaciously "Ye are God." Hence at the funeral a few years since, of a great metaphysician of Germany,¹⁴ one of the leaders of this philosophy, it is said that some of his admirers spoke of him reverently as a singular incarnation of God. But bring such dreams of pride to the atoning cross. He who hung there, tasted death for every man. And why? We had all sinned. He died, the just for the unjust, and without

¹⁴ Hegel.

the shedding of blood there is no remission. And there I learn my desert. In the fate of the second Adam I read the character of the first Adam, whose place he took, and whose doom he averted. I am a doomed sinner, by nature a child of wrath. The taint of an endless curse is on my soul. The blood of a divine atonement was necessary to purge me from fatal blots. I must come down into the dust of lowly penitence, or I perish. His kingdom is for the poor in spirit. And his most diligent followers are to confess themselves but unprofitable servants. Is it in such scenes, and under the eyes of such a teacher, I am to claim equality and oneness with God? No! such thoughts, every where absurdly impious, are there most offensively absurd, and most unpardonably impious. And, as with a battle axe, does the cross of Christ cleave and annihilate these arrogant fictions of that liberalism cherished by some who yet call themselves Christians.

Yet on the other hand, the gospel meets all those just claims of the soul, to which this liberalism has addressed its flatteries. The doctrine of the cross, with a true liberality, allows all national peculiarities not in themselves sinful. It welcomes the savage and the slave into the brotherhood of the race, and is prepared in the most degraded and forlorn of all the tribes of the earth, to eject the brute, acknowledge the man, and develop the saint. It lays the basis of a true, universal, Catholic church;—not the local, arrogant, and usurping church of Rome, which to make plausible its poor claim to universality, must anathematize the myriads of the Greek and Syrian churches, and all Protestant Christendom; but that one church, real though invisible, which comprises the multitudes no man can number, and no man can name, the Christians of every land, age, and sect, that hold the head, and love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. The idea of unity, so dear to the liberalist, the cross alone truly reveals. It shows a unity of Providence in the whole history of the world—a unity of piety in all dispensations from those days ere yet the ark was launched, to those of a new Heaven and a new earth, when there shall be no more sea—a unity of origin, in the common descent of our race—a unity of transgression in our common sin—a unity of account in our gathering before Christ's bar, and a unity of brotherhood in our one ransom paid at Christ's cross.

Let but our literature be saturated with this doctrine of the cross, and it will conquer all miscalled liberalism by showing the source of its errors and meeting its just claims. It will set up the truth, and require the renunciation of every error. But it will set up the truth in love; and there will be ultimately one Lord, and his name One; and He will not be the material and sinful God of Pantheism, but the Everlasting One, uncreated, impassible, spiritual, sinless and supreme, distinct from the universe he made and governs,—the Creator, and not the creature.

5. And lastly, would we say, the cross thus mighty to demolish liberalism, has also equal energy as the antagonist of *superstition*, which was spoken of as the last of the evil influences besetting our youthful literature.

Instead of forms and rites, the great resource of superstition, the gospel of the cross requires a spiritual worship, and an inward conversion. It has no regard for mere penances and austerities as practised for their own sake,

or from a belief in their intrinsic merit. The doctrine of self-torture, so dear to the saints of Romish legends, is unknown to the gospel. Christ did not hew his own cross, nor was he his own scourger, as have been many saints that shine in the papal calendar. Instead of that antiquity of ten or twelve or fifteen centuries, of which Anti-christ vaunts so much, the cross reveals a more ancient antiquity of eighteen centuries. Instead of its hazy and dubious traditions, scripture verity; and instead of its councils and fathers, and a long succession of sinners wearing tiaras, and claiming names of blasphemy—a primitive Apostolic church, and Christ for “the chief Apostle and Bishop of our profession,” whose priesthood is the unchangeable priesthood of Melchisedec, and whose dominion is an everlasting dominion. It acknowledges no religion that is merely a religion of the senses or the imagination. The feelings that stirred Paul at Athens, as he stood amid its altars and gazed on lines of images crowding its every street, would have sprung up as naturally within him, had he stood beneath the vaults of many a cathedral, with its “dim religious light,” and rich with the trophies of the pencil and the chisel. As Christ gave it, and as Paul dispensed it, the gospel of the cross is the grand Iconoclast principle of the age. And, as of old it routed the gods from the summit of shadowy Olympus, and in later days drove into darkness all the deities of the Valhalla; so will it ultimately abolish all the idols out of the earth. And not the graven image only of wood and of stone, but the idols also of which Bacon has spoken, the idols of the forum and the cavern, the prejudices of the busy, and the errors of the studious.¹⁵

¹⁵ The writer has long believed and elsewhere remarked years since, that in the inevitable conflict of the truth with Romanism in our days, we need to allow and to emulate more than some Protestants seem disposed to do, the excellencies of individuals and of individual practices in that anti-christian communion: and that, especially in the field of missions we may learn from her history much to inspirit, and somewhat to instruct us. Since the delivery of this address he has met with the following observations from a writer on missions, whose work is probably in the hands of but few American Christians. Though containing incidental expressions the present writer might not have preferred to employ himself, they seem so admirable on the whole, in sentiment, temper and style, that he could not deny himself the gratification of copying them. They are from the French of M. Bost. He is known to English Christians as the author of a history of Moravianism, published by the London Religious Tract Society, and of a life, and collection of the letters of Felix Neff, whose intimate friendship he enjoyed, and whose opposition to Romanism, we need not say he shares. He is an active and efficient laborer in the revival of evangelical truth in the churches of Switzerland. He published in four volumes, a French version of the History of Christian Missions, written by the excellent Blumhardt, formerly head of the Mission School at Basle, which has sent so many laborers into most quarters of the earth. Blumhardt's death left the work incomplete. In his own original preface to his French translation from the original German, M. Bost has these observations on the justice to be rendered the Romish church. We present them in a free and hasty version from his French original.

“But here I reach a point yet more important than any that has preceded it. It is one upon which I am happy to find my sentiments in unison with those of my author*; as they will also prove to be, I think, with those of every man who has studied history in a spirit of impartiality. I refer to the twofold judgment to which the facts of history conduct us, as to the good and the evil, the two sides that are found in the Romish church, whether regarded at any given moment in her existence, or at different eras in her career. I shall dwell, at some length, on this grave topic.

“If all that were required, were but to discuss this subject in generalities and as an abstract

* M. Blumhardt.

Bring up all forms of error, and we say, however numerous and however venomous the viperous brood, the heads of all are yet to be crushed against the cross of Calvary. Produce all the spiritual diseases, aggra-

question, the affair would be one of the utmost facility. History presents us in this church, on the one hand, objects so grand and lovely, and on the other, those so atrocious, that it becomes impossible to persist, as regards this community, in that narrow judgment which sees in her only every thing divine, or only every thing devilish. On the contrary we find there to a demonstration a decided intermixture of God's work and of the work of Satan; just as one may see a few paces from the spot where I am writing, two streams that flow the one beside the other, in the same channel, the one all turbid and discolored—the other blue as the skies.* A little farther on they intermingle, but even yet they remain distinct: the good does not destroy the evil, the evil does not destroy the good. It would then be a matter of no difficulty to decide this question in the peaceful study, and amid the silence of our retirement. There it is perfectly simple, and admits of no dispute. The Romish church has exhibited in all ages, just as she continues in our own times to exhibit, a decided alliance of evil and good; and of these, each perhaps is carried to a degree in which it surpasses what is to be found any where else.

“But if we utter this judgment before the public, immediately passions are inflamed, interests are wounded, and we touch, so to speak, the raw flesh. In fact, the papacy, like a snake bruised beneath the wheels of a passing chariot, but that is not killed, is so far from dead, as to be rising again, and beginning anew to hiss and bare its fangs. Powerless as it will be before God whenever God shall see fit to command it again into the pit, it is as yet more powerful than man, and seems, under more than one aspect, to resemble the strong man armed who is named in the gospel. She is all the stronger and all the better armed, from the fact that to all the weapons of brute force, she knows how to unite those of artifice and restless intrigue, and even to associate with these, in many cases, the influence of a profound piety. By turns, with clasped hands, the eyes raised to heaven, and clad in sackcloth, she is the ardent and high-minded missionary; and next she is the courtier, climbing, flattering, and domineering; attacking by the arts of policy, no less than by the aids of religion, bearing down the devout by appeals to his conscience, and holding out lures to the ambition of the diplomatist; caressing now the anarchist, and now the despot; the foe of republics, and yet the assassin of kings; changing her hues like the chameleon, as you observe her at Dublin, at London, at Madrid, or at Paris; winning over the sterner spirits by her Trappists, and the libertines by her Madonnas; drawing you heavenwards by her incense, her concerts, and her sacred processions; and allowing you to slide into hell by her cheapened absolutions, and by penances, that exempt you from the repentance of the heart; founding schools in Italy, and overturning them in France; by turns, O'Connel, La Mennais, Xavier, Vincent de Paul, Ravaiillac and Fenelon; it is the same church who, in the middle ages, copied for us the sacred scriptures, and who, in our times, is burning them. At the present time, the blows which are aimed at her, have been called forth, it must be allowed, rather by skepticism than by zeal for God. And although we may know what will be her last end, yet we know not its exact moment; and above all, we know not how much she may yet grasp, before she sinks. She is threatening England. She is infiltrating herself into all parts of the United States. She is rising anew in France; and there she is met, (and this is the observation we have been desirous thus to introduce,) by a spirit of partizanship on the side of her adversaries, which, inclining them to treat her as enemies are usually treated, with blows, blows continually, and nothing but blows, does not stop to ask, if even she have not, in some points, claims upon our justice.

“And yet, it is to Protestants that we speak, if we believe that on our side is found the truth, let us walk in the truth, as did the Master whom we claim to follow. Let us, in consequence, be just even towards the most unjust. Let us learn to guard ourselves against that absurd and heedless vanity which sees in its own ranks but splendid virtues, and in the opponents but faults and wrongs. Let us recollect that injustice never yet was able to found an enduring structure;—that the disciple of Jesus is teachable towards all, ever ready to learn, prompt in humbling himself, eager to find good wherever it is to be met, readily and with joy acknowledging it, and, above all, having sufficient confidence in the sacred cause of Christ's gospel, never to fear being generous to any party, be it what it may. Many see danger in the concessions that might possibly be made. But in what concessions? In those which should be unjust? We ought never to make any such; not because they would be concessions, but because they would be errors. In those which should be just? We ought to make all such, and to make them without fear. With-

* The allusion is probably to the confluence of the Rhone and the Arve, near Geneva.

vated, various and loathsome, that have made earth one huge lazarus-house, and we lay our hand upon the cross and say, here is the catholicon, the sure and sufficient remedy for all the countless maladies of the soul. Re-

out fear, did I say?—We ought to tremble lest we should leave a single one unmade,—to tremble, lest we leave to our enemy a single point in which he would have the advantage over us; a single virtue in which he surpassed us. In truth, the kingdom of God is a combat of holiness against sin, much more than it is a conflict of opinions, of dogmas, or of hierarchies. Let this rule, then, without ceasing, be heard resounding over our heads: *'By their fruits shall ye know them.'* And let us not say, or rather let us cease saying, as it often has been done, that this rule is a vague one; for on whom does our censure in such case fall? And who is He that gave us it, but the only wise, the friend of the lowly and simple in heart, who brings down questions the most profound and the most abstract, to principles the most popular and practical, reducing them to questions of obedience, of love, and of lowliness.

"Protestants then let us continue to be; but let us be humble. Protestants let us be; but let us not proceed, from an apprehension of wronging the doctrines of divine grace, to fall into a dread of good works, or perhaps to regard as good works, and works quite sufficient, the style of doing good, as by turning a crank, adopted in certain societies, in which one does good with his neighbor's money, and in his ambition to convert the world, forgets too often his own proper and personal sanctification. Protestants let us be; but let us know how to pardon others besides St. Paul, if they mortify their body, and keep it in subjection, through fear lest having preached to others, they become themselves castaways. Let us relinquish those vague and contemptuous declamations against superstition, which better become the enemies of the gospel than disciples of the Saviour. And let us remember, that if it be wrong to build on a good foundation 'hay, wood and stubble,' we must yet, at the same time, know how to respect that laborer who, besides these worthless materials, brings gold and precious stones, and this, perhaps, in greater abundance than ourselves. Let us not fear to make the declaration. From that moment in which the Protestant church shall have imitated, embraced and revered all that there is of excellence and superiority in the Romish communion, from that moment the Romish communion must fall, and will in fact fall, because of the crying abuses contained within her: but not one instant sooner. And until that time, she will, on the contrary, continue to exist, for the purpose of humbling us, for the purpose of holding us in check, for the purpose of counterpoising us in those points in which we refuse to obey, and for the purpose of accomplishing a sort of good which we have not learned to do. God compensates for one extreme by allowing another; and it is not until the day when our principles shall no longer present any void and any vacant spot, that we can claim to look for the fall of a system which will then oppose to us naught but inferiorities. Then the two communions, like two dark clouds, surcharged with opposite electricity, will approach each other to intermingle and become one: a spark from the higher regions will produce a sudden fusion, and a shower of grace pouring itself upon the earth, there will then start up in abundance new harvests, on the one side and on the other.

"But it is not the mere exactitude of doctrinal orthodoxy, that will be honored to bring about this wondrous result. It will be rather the sacred union formed between Truth and Holiness; and our God will then be glorified, not amid some of his people only, but in all his saints.

"Such are the declarations that I have believed myself bound to make in the outset, when publishing this work: there are, I believe, some readers that will need them. We shall, along our way, and this long before the sixteenth century, find many Protestants, it is true: but yet we shall see too, that God glorified himself also in men who were imbued with many prejudices; and the reader must have little Christian feeling, who is not touched with admiration, and softened into tenderness, at the sight of a multitude of things that present themselves to our view, even in those ages when superstition had already invaded the church.

"Finally, when all this shall have been said and admitted, it is yet most true, and history proves it to demonstration, that in proportion as Rome more and more intermingled herself in the government of the church, in that same proportion also did the Spirit of God withdraw from it. The safety and the life of every church whatsoever are found in obedience to the laws of Christ.

"I would no further anticipate the details contained in the body of this work; but I found myself compelled to defend, as in advance, those views, and as I may emphatically call it that comprehensiveness of principle, which it has seemed to me are demanded alike by Christian truth, by Christian wisdom, and by Christian humility."—A. BOST. *Histoire de l'établissement du Christianisme, Geneve, 1838. t. I. Preface du Traducteur, pp. viii—xiii.*

ceive, love, diffuse and exemplify that doctrine; and every error is subverted, and every truth is ultimately established.

We might glance at the effects upon the interests of literature, of the resurrection of the true doctrine of the cross at the era of the Reformation. We might look to the splendid and varied literary results of the revival of this doctrine among the Jansenists of France, when the literature of the nation in logic and in style, in sobriety and manly vigor of thought, as well as in purity of moral and religious character, was so rapidly advanced by the devout Port Royalists.—when Tillemont produced the erudite, candid, and accurate history that received the praises of Gibbon, when Nicole wrote so beautifully on Christian morals, De Sacy furnished to the nation what remains yet their best version of the Bible, Lancelot aided by his grammars the progress of classical science, Pascal in so many walks displayed such rare and varied excellence, while Arnauld thundered as the doughtiest theologian of the schools—when Racine, the pupil of the community, became the most finished of French poets, Boileau, their friend, the most perfect and most pure of French satirists, and Mad. de Sevigne, their admirer, the most graceful and simple of French letter-writers.

The cross of Christ thoroughly appreciated and ardently loved is an adequate remedy for all the evils of the world, and necessarily, therefore, for all the evils of the world's literature. It contains the only elements which can counteract all the perils we have described, satisfy the demands of the human heart, and correct the wanderings of the human reason, and thus remedy the evils, be they literary or political, of society, by supplying those wants of our nature out of which these evils have sprung, and by restraining the excesses to which these wants lead. As to the casuistry and superstition, the fanaticism and persecution, that have sometimes abused the name of the cross for their shelter, we can only say that the doctrine is no more chargeable with these its perversions, than is the dread Name of God responsible for all the fearful profanation made of it, when it is used as an oath to give sting to a jest, or to add venom to a curse.

But some feel, and others have intimated that the cross of Christ has been tried, and has failed. The church has tried substitutes for it indeed, and these have ever failed. But the cross itself has not yet been tried by the church continuously and fully. Protestantism even has talked too much of it as justifying the sinner, but shrunk from it as sanctifying him. As to its failures, when really tried, they have never been more than apparent. In the hurry and cry of the conflict, the voice of evil is louder than that of good. When most seeming to fail, the cross is but like its Founder, when amid the growing darkness of his last agony, the Dragon seemed writhed around him, and the fatal sting of death was transfixing him. For a time the race of mankind might seem to have lost their Redeemer, and the gates of Hope as they swung slowly back, seemed about to close for ever upon a sinking world. But when that darkness was past, and the field of battle was again seen, it was the Dragon that lay outstretched and stiffened, with bruised head—all feeble and still, in the shadow of that silent cross; while radiant in the distance, were the open

portals of Heaven, and earth lay bathed in the lustrous dawn of a new Hope.

“For the gates of paradise
Open stand on Calvary.”

And when some forty days have passed, there is seen in the glittering air over the summit of Olivet, the form of the unharmed and ascending Redeemer. As victor over death and hell, he is leading captivity captive, returning to his proper and native glory, and going before to prepare a royal mansion and a crown of righteousness for all his cross-bearing followers. Thus, was seeming failure the secret and the forerunner of real victory. So has it since been. The days of the French revolution, when infidelity was ready to triumph, ushered in the era of foreign missions, when Satan's oldest seats underwent a new invasion. So will it continue to be. Every conflict, sore and long though it may be, will but add to the trophies of the Redeemer's cross, till around it cluster as votive offerings, the wreaths of every science and the palms of every art—and that instrument of shame and anguish be hailed as the hinge of the world's history and destiny, the theme of all our study, and the central sun of all our hopes, the sanction to the universe of all God's laws, and the seal to all the elect of our race of an endless redemption from the belief, power, and practice of all evil. In the coming years of the world's history, the presaging eye may look forward to the fierce clash of opinions, the tumult of parties, and the collision of empires. But when the waters are out, and one barrier after another is overwhelmed, and one sea-mark topples and disappears after another beneath the engulfing flood, God is but overturning what man has built. The foundation of his own hand will remain unshaken. The floods of the people cannot submerge it; the gates of hell cannot prevail against its quiet might.

We feel that we need your forgiveness for the length to which we have pursued this topic. But the subject, in its earlier portion at least, was a complex one; on the latter portion of it, if any where, the Christian loves to linger; and dwelling as we had been compelled to do on the gloomier side of the picture, we may now be pardoned, if the eye loves to rest on that light from heaven, and those radiant and celestial omens, that descend upon this darkness from the cross of our Lord.

And now, in conclusion will you allow, gentlemen, the stranger, as he is to most of you, who addresses you, to appeal to you as students? Your studies have taught you how the best interests of the nation are bound up with those of learning; and we have endeavored at this time to revive a lesson your respected and beloved instructors have often enforced, that the interests of learning are bound up with those of the gospel, and that there only is found a knowledge which to have learned, will form the best preparation for rightly improving all other knowledge;—which not to have learned, will render all other learning finally nugatory to its possessor.

Amid the various and multiform evils that threaten our literature, the cross of Christ is the one conservative principle, and it needs but to be

fully presented, to prove ever the sufficient remedy. We entreat you then, for yourselves, to view habitually this cross in either of its aspects, as revealing the way of the sinner's justification, and as showing the process of the believer's sanctification.

Look to it as your *salvation*. You need to be transformed by its holy influences. There learn the love of God as poetry cannot paint it,—the wisdom of God as philosophy in her boldest flights never discovered it,—the holiness of God, as not even Sinai proclaimed it. Receive this crucified Christ as your Saviour. Say, as you raise your eyes to that throne of suffering mercy, in the language of that old monkish verse from the *Dies Iræ*, which Johnson, stern as was his rugged nature, could never repeat without bursting into a flood of tears.

“ Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus !16

Again, many or most of you look to be preachers of this gospel. Be the cross your *theme*. Christ as there lifted up, will draw all men unto him. And the more the school or the press may eject this doctrine, but

16 “ Wearily for me thou soughtest,
On the cross my soul thou boughtest :
Lose not all for which thou wroughtest.”

It is to Mrs. Piozzi that we owe this anecdote of Johnson. “When he would try to repeat the celebrated *Prosa Ecclesiastica pro Mortuis*, as it is called, beginning *Dies Iræ, dies illa*. he could never pass the stanza ending thus, *Tantus labor non sit cassus*, without bursting into a flood of tears; which sensibility I used to quote against him when he would inveigh against devotional poetry, and protest that all religious verses were cold and feeble, and unworthy the subject.” *Croker's Buswell, London, 1839. Vol. ix. p. 73.*

A small volume, not without interest, might be compiled from the literary history of the *Dies Iræ*, and the versions it has received into various European languages, and from examples of the powerful influence it has exercised upon the feelings and course of individuals. It can scarce be regarded as a waste of time, to observe and analyze the power this hymn, from the awfulness of its theme, and its own quaint, antique and massive grandeur of structure, has acquired over the hearts of men. Unlike the *Stabat Mater*, another hymn of the Romish service, with which by mere critics it is ordinarily classed, it is free from idolatry. A devout Protestant cannot unite in the *Stabat Mater*. It degrades the Redeemer by idolizing his earthly parent. But in the *Dies Iræ*, salvation is represented as being of Christ alone, and as being of mere grace: “*Qui salvandos salvas gratis.*” Combining somewhat of the rhythm of classical Latin, with the rhymes of the Mediæval Latin, treating of a theme full of awful sublimity, and grouping together the most startling imagery of scripture, as to the last judgment, and throwing them into yet stronger relief by the barbaric simplicity of the style in which they are set, and adding to all these its full and trumpet-like cadences, and uniting with the impassioned feeling of the South whence it emanated, the gravity of the North, whose severer style it adopted, it is well fitted to arouse the hearer. It forms a part of the Romish service for the dead. Albert Knapp, one of the living sacred poets of Protestant Germany, and the compiler of a large body of hymns, the *Liederschatz*, has inserted a German version of it in his voluminous collection. (*Evang. Liederschatz. Stuttgart, 1837. Vol. II. p. 786, Hymn 3475.*) He compares the original to a blast from the trumpet of the resurrection, and while himself attempting a version of it, declares its original power inimitable in any translation. (*Ibid. p. 870.*) He refers to other versions of it made by the distinguished scholar, Aug. Wm. Schlegel, by Claus Harms, one of the most eminent of the living evangelical preachers of Germany, as well as by J. G. Fichte, by A. L. Follen, J. G. Von Meyer, and the Chevalier Bunsen. The translation of Bunsen, with some slight variations, is appended by Tholuck to his sermon on the Feast day of the Dead. (*Tholuck, Predigten. Hamburg, 1833, vol. I. pp. 23, and 149.*) Professors Edwards and Park, in their *Selections from German Literature, (Andover,*

the more let the pulpit insist upon, reiterate, and thunder it forth, in all the tongues of the earth. For it is to you a surer pledge of success than that imaged cross which Constantine put into the labarum of the empire, was of victory to the imperial hosts whom it so often guided to conquest.

1839,) quote the remark of Tholuck, as to the deep sensation produced by the singing of this hymn in the University church: "The impression, especially that which was made by the last words, as sung by the University choir alone, will be forgotten by no one." They introduce also the words of an American clergyman, present on the occasion, who says: "It was impossible to refrain from tears, when at the seventh stanza, all the trumpets ceased, and the choir, accompanied by a softened tone of the organ, sung those touching lines, "*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus, &c.*" Like Knapp, they unite in the judgment, that no translation has equalled or can equal the original Latin. (*German Selections*, p. 185.) Dr. H. A. Daniel, another German scholar, in his *Bluethenstrauss. alt-latein. Kirchenpoesie, Halle, 1840*, has inserted, besides the original Latin, and the German version of Bunsen, (pp. 78 and 116,) another version of his own (p. 119.) Goethe has introduced snatches of the original Latin into the first part of his *Faust*.

The admiration which Sir Walter Scott felt for it is well known. He has introduced an English version of a few of its opening stanzas into the Lay of the Last Minstrel, whence Bishop Heber adopted it into his Hymns for the Church Service. They are too few to give any just idea of the original, and the measure of the old hymn is not as well retained as in the best German versions. Knapp, Daniel and Bunsen all preserve the double rhymes of the Latin original; Scott and the earlier English translators have given but a single rhymed ending to their verses. In this respect the English version of the London Christian Observer, (*Vol. xxvi. p. 26*), copied by Edwards and Park, (*German Selections*, p. 185,) also comes short of its model, as does that of the Rev. Isaac Williams, one of the writers of the Oxford tracts, and who contested unsuccessfully with the Rev. Mr. Garbett, the election to the Professorship of Poetry in Oxford, on the retirement of Keble. Williams' version may be found in his *Thoughts in Past Years*, (Am. ed. p. 308.) A writer in the New-York Evangelist, (*October, 1841*), has judiciously retained the double rhyme, but the reader misses the antique simplicity and rugged strength of the original. Sir Walter Scott in his letter to a brother poet, Crabbe, remarks: "To my Gothic ear, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, and some of the other hymns of the Catholic church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan; the one has the gloomy dignity of a Gothic church, and reminds us constantly of the worship to which it is dedicated; the other is more like a pagan temple recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities." (*Lockhart's Life of Scott, Philad.*, 1838, vol. i. p. 430.) In his last days of life and reason, he was overheard quoting it with fragments of the bible, and the old Scotch Psalms. "We very often," says his kinsman and biographer, "heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*." (*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 734.) Its lines haunted in like manner the dying hours of an earlier and inferior poet, the Earl of Roscommon. He was the author of an English version of the hymn, and, as we learn from Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, he uttered, in the moment when he expired, with great energy and devotion, two lines of his own translation of the *Dies Iræ*:

"My God, my Father and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end."

Milman, another distinguished name in English poetry, has, in his history of Christianity, rated this hymn as superior to any of the poetry of the Christian church in the early ages. "As to the hymns, (setting aside the *Te Deum*), paradoxical as it may sound, I cannot but think the latter and more barbarous the best. There is nothing in my judgment to be compared with the monkish "*Dies iræ, dies illa*," or even the "*Stabat Mater*." (*Milman, Galignani's Ed. II. p. 336, note*.) Roscommon's translation, already the subject of reference, is said by Wartou to be largely indebted to the earlier version of Crashaw, a sacred poet of true genius, whose rendering of the *Dies Iræ*, was in the judgment of Pope, the best of his compositions. (*Willmott's Lives of Sacred poets, Lond. 1839, Vol. I. p. 317*.) This work of Crashaw may be found in *Anderson's British Poets*, (*Vol. IV. p. 745*.) Crashaw was one of the clergymen of the English church, who during, or soon after the days of Laud, and probably from the influence of that school whose leader and martyr Laud was, went over, as by a natural progression, unto the Romish communion. Drummond of Hawthornden, has also imitated the *Dies Iræ*. (*Anderson, IV. 682*.) Evelyn, the author of the *Sylva*, and the friend of Jeremy Taylor, seems also to have tested his strength

Do not crucify that Lord "afresh" by your sins. Nor trust to your office and work as preserving you from these. See in Paul, the distress an apostle felt, lest having preached to others, he himself should prove a cast-away. The anxieties of such a hero and martyr, lest he should turn and perish, may well arouse you to a salutary self-distrust. The pulsations of that

upon the same task. In their correspondence, Taylor asks a copy of his friend's version. (*Memoirs of Evelyn, Vol. IV. p. 26*).

Upon the *Dies Iræ*, Mozart has founded his celebrated Requiem, the latest and not the least celebrated of his works. The excitement of his feelings whilst employed on this musical composition, is supposed to have hastened his end, which occurred, indeed, before he could fully complete the task.

What has wrought so strongly on the graver temperament of the North, was not, although Gothic in its structure, likely to remain without any effect on the quicker feelings of the South. Ancina, at that time a professor of medicine in the University of Turin, was one day hearing mass, when the *Dies Iræ*, as chanted in the service for the dead, so strongly affected him, that he determined to abandon the world. He afterwards became Bishop of Saluzzo. (*Biogr. Dict. of Soc. Diff. Usef. Kn. "Ancina."*)

The authorship of the hymn is generally ascribed to one of the Franciscan order, or the Minorites as they are also called. Thomas de Celano, the friend and biographer of Francis of Assisi, the founder of this order, and who lived in the thirteenth century, is generally supposed to have written it about the year 1250. (*Gieseler's Ch. Hist. Am. Ed. II. 288. Knapp. Liederschatz II. 870. Tholuck and Daniel, ut supra.*) Celano, it may be observed by the way, is one of those on whose authority is made to rest the legend that Francis received the stigmata or miraculous impressions of Christ's wounds. (*Alban Butler, Lives of Saints.*) It has also been attributed to others of the same order, Matthew of Aquasparta, a general of the Minorites, who died with the rank of Cardinal, in 1302, and Frangipani, a Minorite and a Cardinal, who died in 1294. (*Knapp.*) Churton, the author of the "*Early English Church*," would give it, however, a much earlier origin, or he has fallen into a gross anachronism; for he places it in the lips of the dying Thurstan, the Archbishop of York, who ended his course in the year 1140, a full century before the time generally fixed for its composition by T. de Celano. (*Churton. Am. Ed. p. 272.*)

Issuing as it certainly did, from an age of great superstition and corruption, it is remarkable that it should be so little incrustured with the prevalent errors of the time. The lines "*Quem patronum rogaturus, Cum vix justus sit securus?*" seem almost a renunciation of the Romish doctrine of the advocacy of saints. Like the *Imitation of Christ* by Thomas a Kempis, it remains as a monument of the truth, that in ages of general declension, God had his own hidden ones, and that beneath the drifting and accumulating mass of heresies and human inventions and traditions, there was an under-current of simple faith in Christ, that kept alive and verdant some less noticed portions of the blighted vineyard of the church. If really the work of the historian of the stigmata of the fanatical Francis of Assisi, it affords another of the many examples that show how much excellence and how much error may exist together.

A composition that has, with no effort at elaboration or poetic art, so long attracted the admiration of poets like Goethe and Scott, distinguished for their skill in the mere art; and yet met also the wants and won the sympathies of men who, disregarding poetry, looked mainly to piety of sentiment—a poem that has thus united the suffrages of religion and taste, deserves some study, as a model, in that walk of such difficulty and dignity, the walk of sacred poetry.

The Latin original has, within a few years, become accessible to American readers in Edwards and Park's *German Selections*, p. 185; in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, art. (*Dies Iræ*); and in Isaac Williams' *Thoughts in Past Years*, Am. Ed. p. 309. The readings of the first stanza at Rome and Paris differ. The former has as the second line, "*Crucis expandens vexilla*," in allusion to the old Romish tradition that the "sign of the Son of Man," to be seen in the heavens on his coming to judgment, is the cross. The latter, omitting this line, has for its third line, "*Teste David cum Sibylla*," a reference to the Sybilline oracles, whose genuineness as Christian prophecies seems never in the Mediæval times to have been questioned, and whose authority Bishop Horsley has sought to revive. (*Journée du Chretien, Paris, 1810, pp. 82, 84.*) This seems the more ancient, and to Protestants, is perhaps the less objectionable reading. The closing sentence, "*Pie Jesu, Domine, Dona eis requiem, Amen*," is a prayer for the dead; but not having the rhymes of the rest, we should suppose the words rather a part of the burial service into which the hymn is inlaid, than a portion originally of the hymn itself.

mighty heart, in its strong apprehensions, are yet to be felt, as after the lapse of centuries, it seems yet to throb and heave under the pages of the epistles. Value not any professional learning apart from an experimental knowledge of the cross of Christ. Remember that the man mighty in prayer, and full of the Holy Ghost, and who knows, as a preacher, but the scriptures in his own vernacular tongue, may take his place as a theologian¹⁷ and a pastor, far above you, with all your knowledge of criticism and languages, if you rely on that learning and neglect to cultivate piety. The true exegesis of the Scriptures is, after all, that put upon them by the Holy Spirit who first indited them, as He unfolds them to the prayerful student, and he who puts himself, with few earthly helps, under that teaching, will profit more than the man who with all earthly helps, neglects that teaching. Steep then all your attainments in prayer. And never so far forget your obligations to true learning, and your vows to Christ, as to speak or think lightly of the devout, though less learned student of

¹⁷ We may well ponder the language upon this subject of a scholar who is not liable to the imputation of enthusiasm, ignorance or partiality. Speaking of the Bereans who searched the scriptures, Bishop Horsley, in his *Nine Sermons on the Resurrection, &c.* (New-York, 1816, pp. 165, 166,) takes occasion to remark upon the knowledge that may be gained from the mere English version, by a collation diligent and prayerful, of its parallel passages. "It is incredible to any one who has not in some degree made the experiment, what a proficiency may be made in that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, by studying the scriptures in this manner, without any other commentary or exposition than what the different parts of the sacred volume mutually furnish for each other. I will not scruple to assert that the most illiterate Christian, if he can but read his English bible, and will take the pains to read it in this manner, will not only attain all that practical knowledge which is necessary to his salvation, but by God's blessing, he will become *learned in every thing relating to his religion* in such degree, that he will not be liable to be misled, either by the refined arguments, or the false assertions of those who endeavor to ingraft their own opinion upon the oracles of God. He may safely be ignorant of all philosophy except what is to be learned from the sacred books; which indeed contain the highest philosophy adapted to the lowest apprehensions. He may safely remain ignorant of all history, except so much of the history of the first ages of the Jewish and of the Christian church, as is to be gathered from the canonical books of the Old and New Testament. Let him study these in the manner I recommend, and let him never cease to pray for the illumination of that Spirit by which these books were dictated; and the whole compass of abstruse philosophy and recondite history shall furnish no argument with which the perverse will of man shall be able to shake this *learned Christian's* faith."

This testimony as to the amount of theological science to be attained from the study of the English version, has the more force, coming as it does from a controversialist of the highest rank, a scholar of great robustness of intellect, and eminent for his attainments not only in biblical criticism, but also in physical science; and who was known, withal, to have few sympathies with Methodists and the dissenters of England, and their pious but often uneducated ministry. The editor of the works of Sir Isaac Newton, the chaplain of Bishop Lowth, and the antagonist of Priestley, was no vulgar scholar. Orme has said of him, that he "never wrote what did not deserve to be read," and characterizes him as "stern, bold, clear and brilliant, often elegant, sometimes argumentative, and always original, and as a critic, learned but dogmatic." (*Bibliotheca Biblica*, p. 249.) Such a man was little likely to indulge in language of undue disparagement as to those literary advantages in which he himself so abounded. We allude here to his testimony, only for the sake of enforcing a protest we would, here and elsewhere, now and at all times, make against the language of depreciation, sometimes incautiously used, regarding the competency as theologians, of some of our ministers who have missed the advantages of a classical education; but who are yet vigorous thinkers, and prayerful and most diligent students of the English version. We must record our humble dissent from such sweeping censure and depreciation, and while the name and memory of Andrew Fuller remain, we scarce need to quote even the authority of Horsley in our favor, who with all his stores of learning and his vigorous genius, was certainly not a sounder or abler theologian than the Kettering pastor.

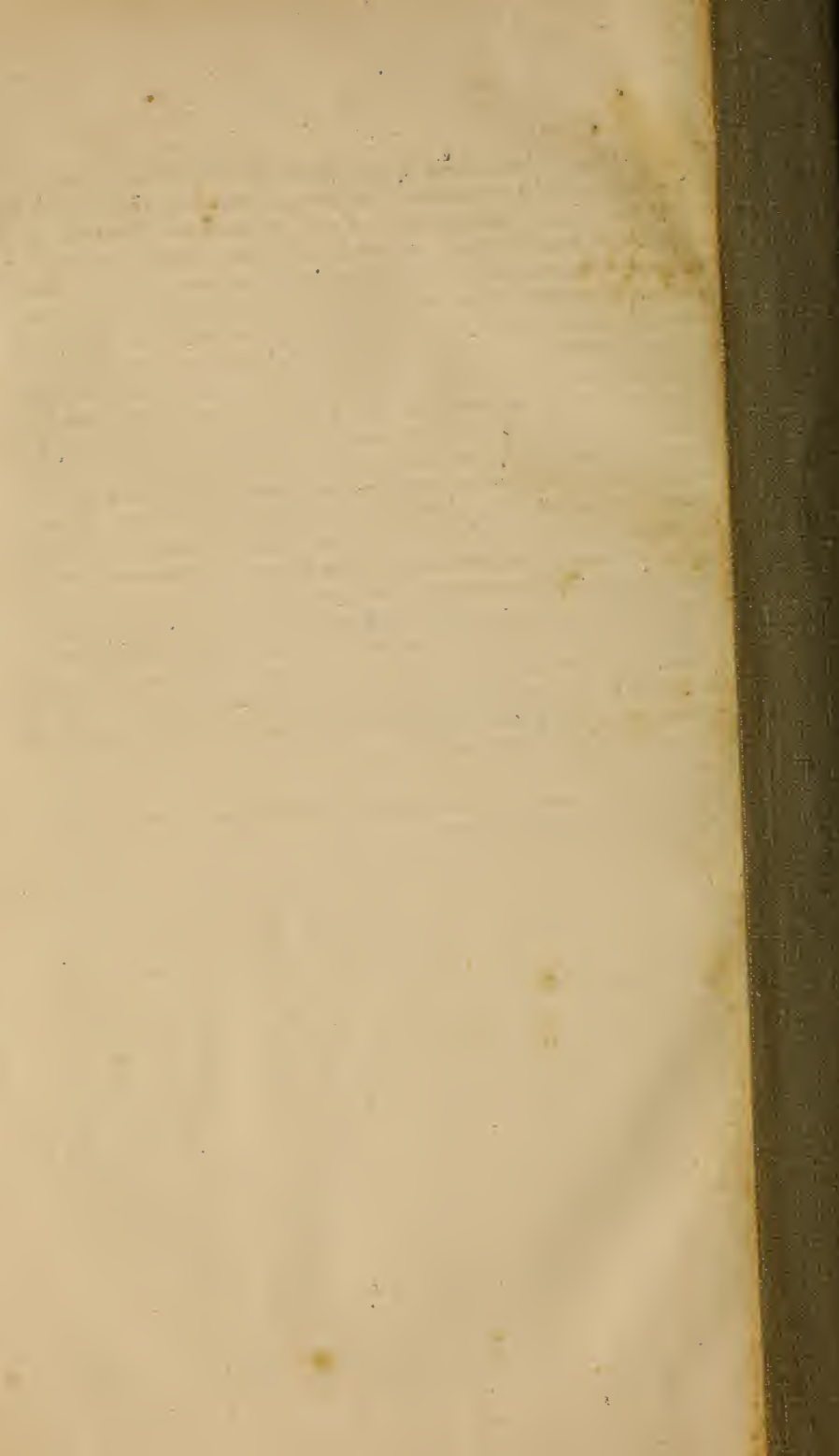
the scriptures, who bears meekly, and commends earnestly that cross it is your business and his, in common, to exemplify and extol in the eyes of the world.

Lastly, let that cross be your *pattern*. Let Christ and him crucified, be not a mere phrase or profession, but a living reality. That sacrifice on the cross was the embodiment of all true glory, and the concentration of all moral excellence. Be prepared to suffer in the school of Christ. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." Such is the law of success in the world of mind and of eternity. Remember that your rest, and your reward and your record are not here, as His were not here. It was not that you might seek a snug parish and a fat salary, that the Master enlisted you—not that you might gather round you the flatteries, and become the idol of an attached church and an admiring congregation. You were bought by the agonies and shame of Calvary for a sterner task. You are not carpet-knights, come out to shiver a lance in sport; the actors in some gay tournament, where "ladies' eyes rain influence." Your work is a sad reality in a world of sin and wo, where you are called to a continuous and perilous onset, fighting against principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places; and the field around you is strewn with many a memorial of defeated hope, of successful temptation, and exulting wickedness. You will not then content yourself with a mere decorous, dozing and perfunctory discharge of your weekly task-work in the pulpit. You are a man of the cross—it will be your aim to train up the churches to the same standard and in the same spirit. They will learn that the charity of the cross is one seeking rather to enrich others, than to hoard for itself. When the churches are more thoroughly pervaded by this spirit, there will be no longer a lack of funds or of laborers for our foreign missions; nor will the nations rush by myriads into hell, whilst the church is grudgingly telling out her few dollars for the work of evangelization, and calculating how much money may be saved from the expense of the world's salvation, not economizing *for* the cross, so much as economizing *from* its demands. You will remind the churches that they were enlisted beneath the gory cross, the badge of the Master's anguish and shame, that, as far as man is concerned, they might rather give than receive;—that no vulgar pangs bought their peace; and it was no easy task for their Lord to purchase for them their hope of Heaven. If impelled and permitted yourselves to go forth to the heathen, you will look to Golgotha, and find there motives whose impulsive power is never spent, and an example, whose self-sacrificing benevolence can never be rivalled. It is one of the traditions of the age of chivalry, that a Scottish king, when dying, bequeathed his heart to the most trusted and beloved of his nobles to be carried to Palestine. Enclosing the precious deposit in a golden case, and suspending it from his neck, the knight went out with his companions. He found himself, when on his way to Syria, hardly pressed in battle by the Moors of Spain. To animate himself to supernatural efforts as it were, that he might break through his thronging foes, he snatched the charge intrusted to him from his neck, and flinging it into the midst of his enemies, exclaimed, "Forth,

heart of Bruce as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die:" and so he perished in the endeavor to reclaim it from the trampling feet of the infidels, and to force his own way out. Even such, will you feel your own position to be when encountering the hosts of heathenism. Your Master's heart has flung itself in advance of your steps. In the rushing crowds that withstand you, there is not one whom that heart has not cared for and pitied, however hostile and debased, unlovely and vile. It is your business to follow the leadings of His heart, to pluck it, as it were, from beneath the feet of those who, in ignorance and enmity would tread it into the dust. From the cross, as from a lofty eminence, it has cast itself abroad among these "armies of the aliens." And not like Douglas, is it yours to follow it and *die*, you follow it and *live*. You follow it and *the heathen* live. And whether your post be at home or abroad, among the destitution of the West, or that of the ancient East, whenever glory, ease, or wealth may seek to lure you aside from your work, look to that cross, and remember him who hung there in agony for your sins. Let the look which broke Peter's heart, check your first infirmity of purpose, recal each wandering thought, and rally anew all the powers of your fainting spirit. Be Paul's determination yours. "GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD GLORY SAVE IN THE CROSS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, BY WHICH¹⁸ THE WORLD IS CRUCIFIED UNTO ME, AND I UNTO THE WORLD."

May we all believe in, and bear that cross here, that it may bear us up in the day of the world's doom.

¹⁸ "Whereby." Versions of Tyndale, Cranmer, and Geneva, and not "by whom," as the Rhemish and the English Rec. Version.



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